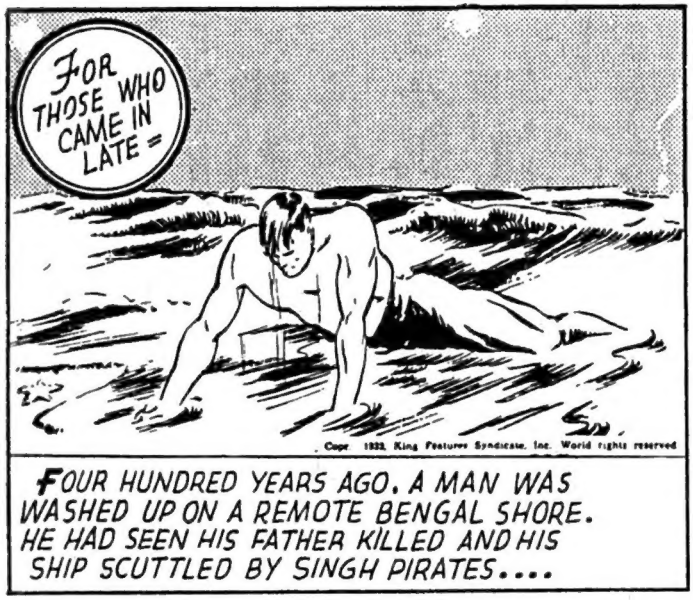
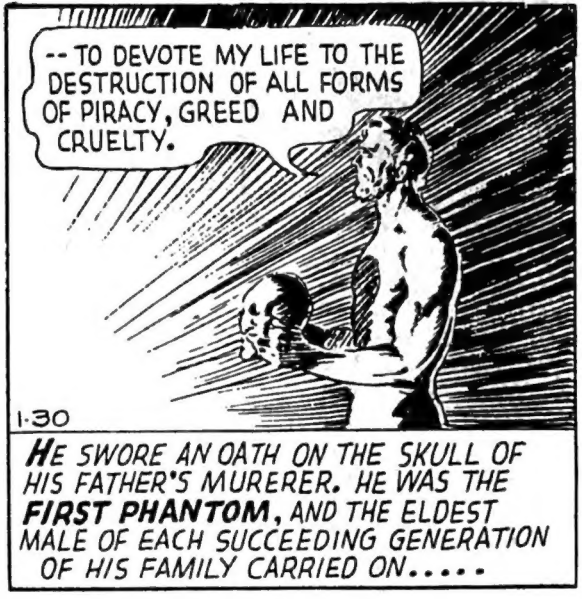



FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO. A MAN WAS WASHED UP ON A REMOTE BENGAL SHORE. HE HAD SEEN HIS FATHER KILLED AND HIS SHIP SCUTTLED BY SINGH PIRATES....

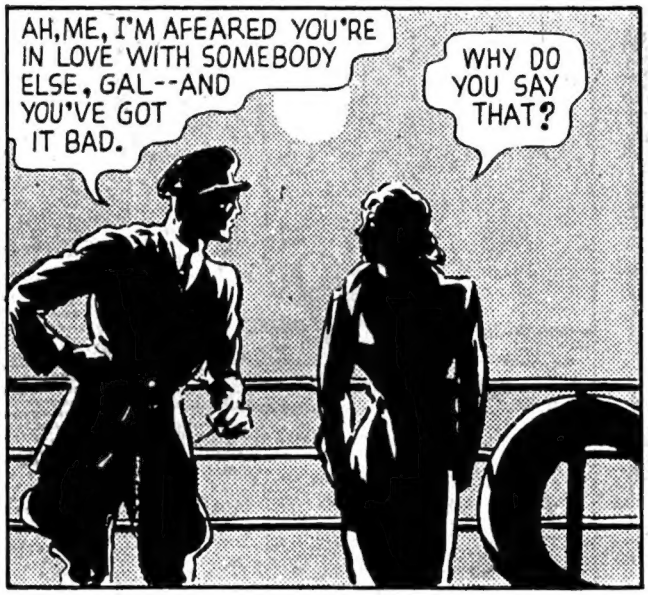



HE SWORE AN OATH ON THE SKULL OF HIS FATHER'S MURERER. HE WAS THE **FIRST PHANTOM**, AND THE ELDEST MALE OF EACH SUCCEEDING GENERATION OF HIS FAMILY CARRIED ON.....

AS THE UNBROKEN LINE CONTINUED THROUGH THE CENTURIES, THE ORIENT BELIEVED IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME MAN! SO THE LEGEND GREW!

TODAY AS ALWAYS BEFORE, STRIKING SUDDENLY, MYSTERIOUSLY... **THE PHANTOM WORKS ALONE!**

DIANA, THE PHANTOM'S SWEETHEART, BELIEVING HE NO LONGER LOVES HER, IS WEST-BOUND, LEAVING THE BAY OF BENGAL, PASSING THROUGH THE GULF OF MANWAR


AH, ME, I'M AFEARED YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH SOMEBODY ELSE, GAL--AND YOU'VE GOT IT BAD.
WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?

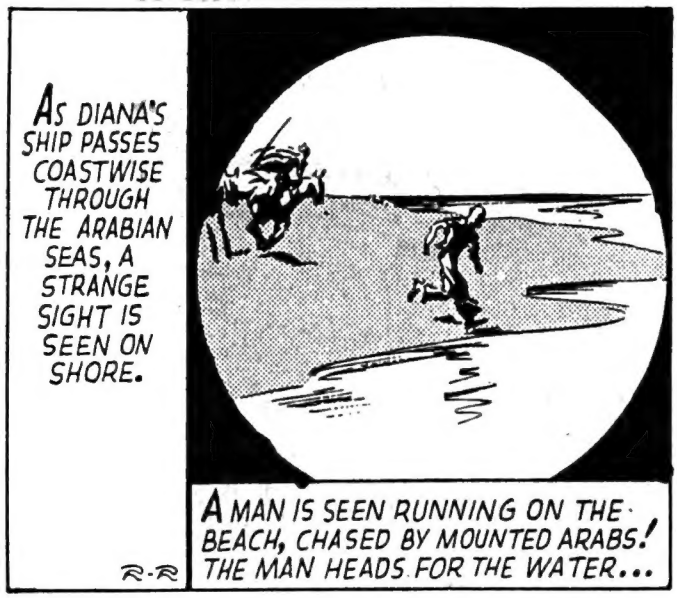
ANY GIRL WHO CAN STAND UNDER A MOON LIKE THAT WITH LIEUTENANT BYRON AND NOT FEEL ROMANTIC--WELL--IT'S NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE!
TOMORROW=THE STRANGE GUY

I GOT ON AT MORRISTOWN. IT'S A LITTLE TRADING-POST ON THE BENGAL COAST.
MORRISTOWN! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN THERE IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT! WE GOT THE NEWS OVER THE WIRE JUST BEFORE I LEFT MADRAS!

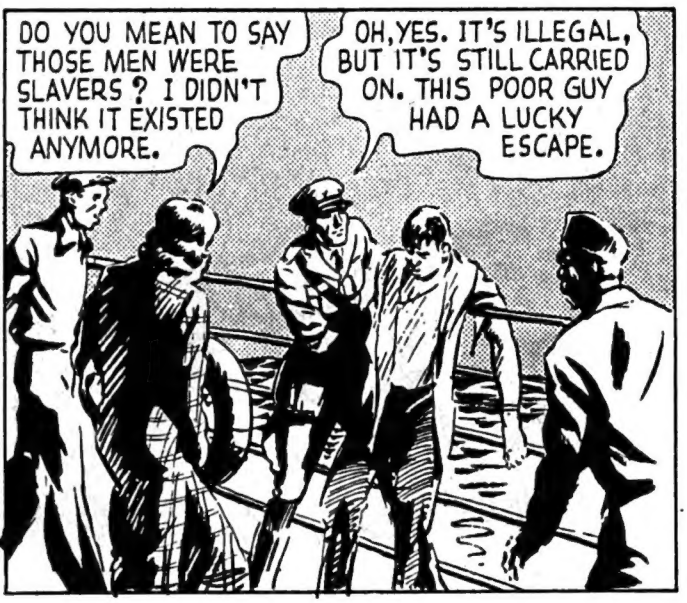
WHAT EXCITE-MENT?
YOU MEAN YOU MISSED IT? WHY, THEY DARN NEAR HAD A WHOLESALE MASSACRE! THOUSANDS OF NATIVE WARRIORS WERE READY TO WIPE OUT THE GARRISON!

IT LOOKED LIKE CURTAINS! AN ARMY COULDN'T HAVE STOPPED THEM! BUT ONE MAN DID! A STRANGE GUY--MASKED THEY SAID--SHOOED THEM BACK INTO THE JUNGLE!
R-1

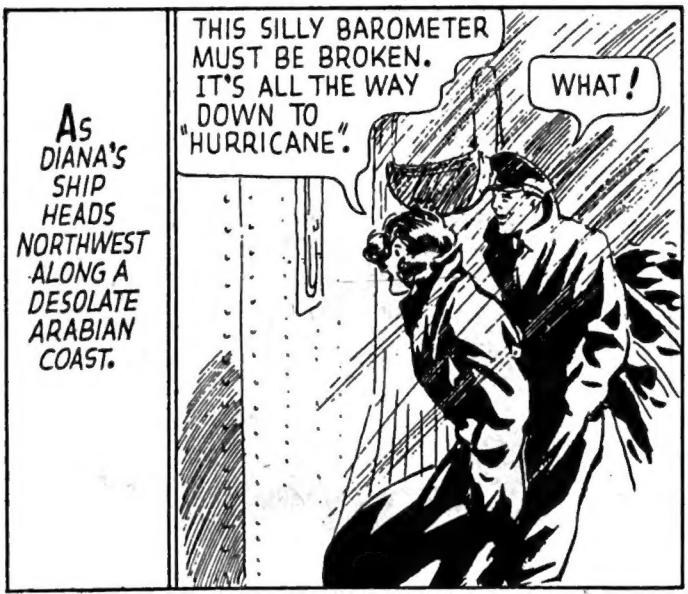
WE'D LIKE TO PIN A MEDAL ON THE GUY, BUT CAN'T FIND HIM. I WONDER WHO HE WAS.
I--I--WONDER--
tomorrow=THE CHASE


AS DIANA'S SHIP PASSES COASTWISE THROUGH THE ARABIAN SEAS, A STRANGE SIGHT IS SEEN ON SHORE.
A MAN IS SEEN RUNNING ON THE BEACH, CHASED BY MOUNTED ARABS! THE MAN HEADS FOR THE WATER...

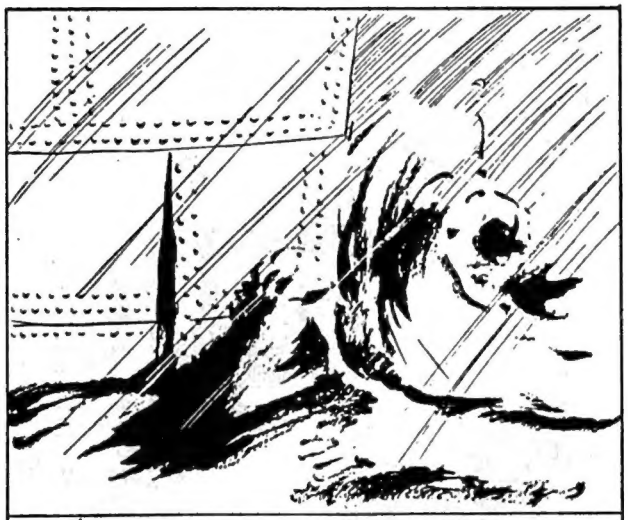
HE PLUNGES INTO THE WATER AND SWIMS MADLY FOR THE SHIP. THE SHIP PAUSES TO PULL HIM IN....


DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THOSE MEN WERE SLAVERS? I DIDN'T THINK IT EXISTED ANYMORE.
OH, YES. IT'S ILLEGAL, BUT IT'S STILL CARRIED ON. THIS POOR GUY HAD A LUCKY ESCAPE.

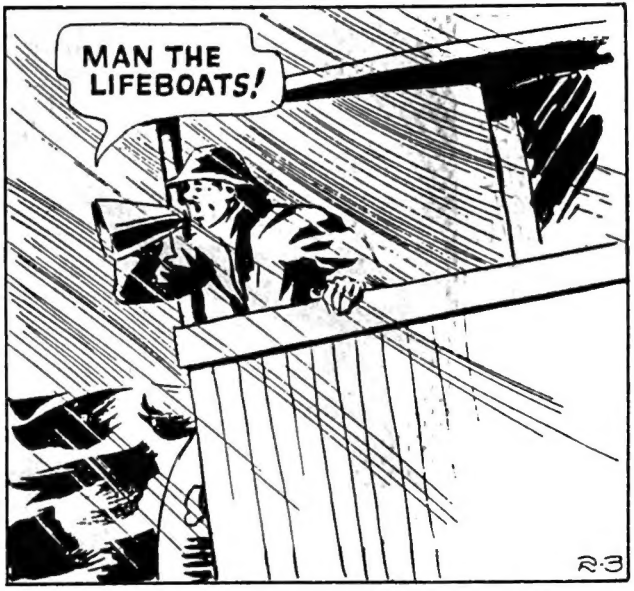
AND NOW, DIANA, UNLESS YOU AGREE TO HAVE TEA WITH ME AT ONCE, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE FIRST SLAVERS WE MEET.
BRING ON THE TEA, LIEUTENANT. I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE.
tomorrow = HIJINKS ON THE BAROMETER


AS DIANA'S SHIP HEADS NORTHWEST ALONG A DESOLATE ARABIAN COAST.
THIS SILLY BAROMETER MUST BE BROKEN. IT'S ALL THE WAY DOWN TO "HURRICANE".
WHAT!

AND THE OLD FREIGHTER RIDES INTO THE TEETH OF A ROARING TROPICAL GALE!



The ANCIENT VESSEL GIVES UNDER THE POUNDING WAVES--A WIDE SEAM SPRINGS OPEN--

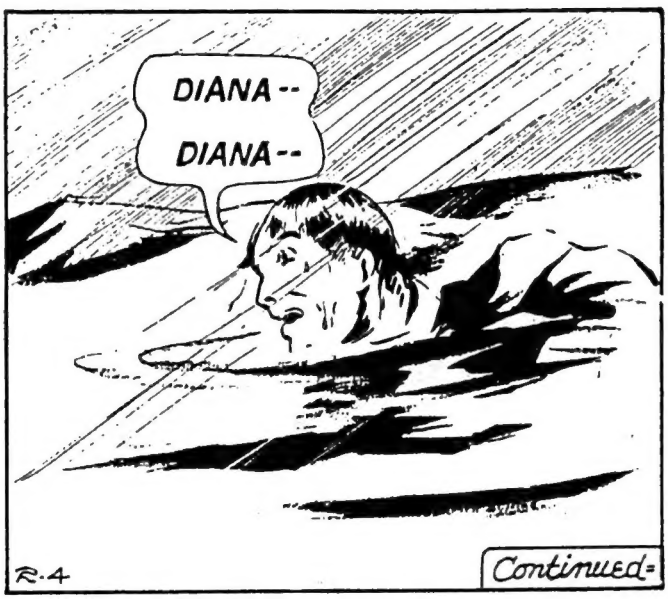



DIANA'S SHIP IS SWAMPED IN A TROPICAL HURRICANE.

LIFEBOATS ARE HURRIEDLY LOWERED..

THE OARSMEN PULL HARD, BUT THE TINY LIFEBOAT TOSSES LIKE A CORK...

IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF MINUTES IN THE ANGRY SEA... AND THEN...




Continued-

AN ARMY TRANSPORT PLANE DROPS OUT OF THE SKY AT MORRISTOWN ON THE BENGAL COAST.
SEEING A GHOST, COLONEL? I JUST DROPPED DOWN IN A PLANE. I'VE GOT TO SEE A MAN!
LIEUTENANT BYRON! WHAT ON EARTH--!
BUT YOU WERE ON THAT FREIGHTER THAT SANK LAST WEEK! WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT GIRL, DIANA--?
I DON'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT THAT. I'VE SEEN ENOUGH IN ONE WEEK TO LAST ME A LIFETIME!
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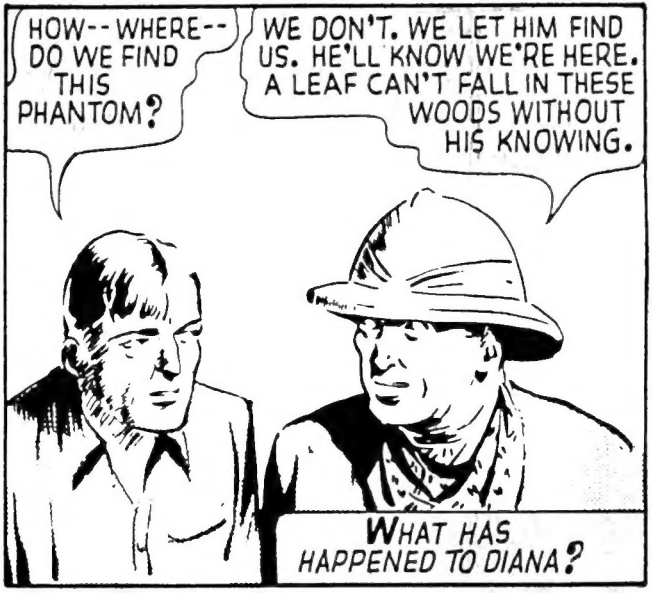
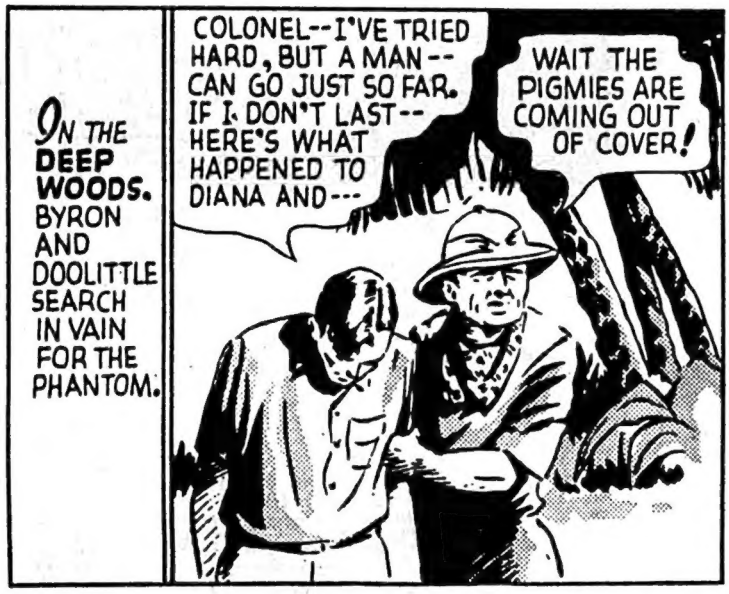
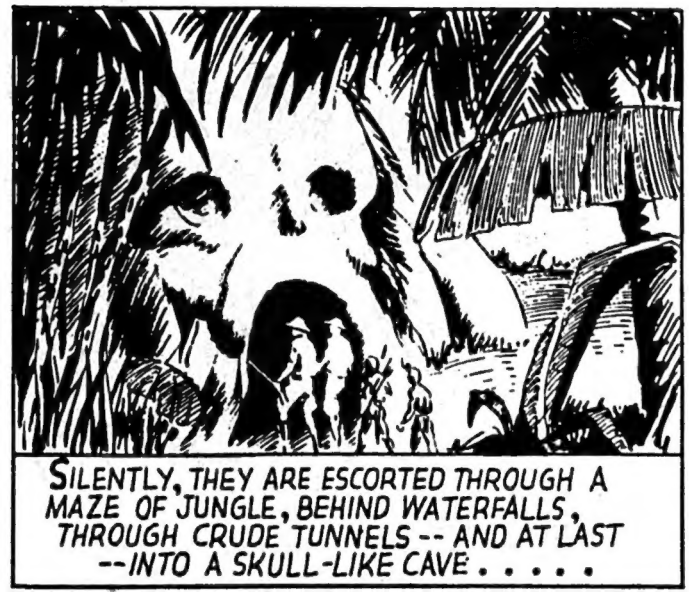
R-6
BUT HOW DID YOU GET BACK HERE--AND WHERE'S--?
LATER! I'VE GOT TO FIND A MAN AT ONCE! THE PHANTOM!
WHAT HAPPENED TO DIANA?
BYRON, COLONEL DOOLITTLE AND AN ESCORT ARE HEADED INTO THE DEEP WOODS TO SEARCH FOR THE PHANTOM.
BYRON, YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THE BOAT SANK--WHERE'S DIANA?
I'VE GOT--TO SAVE--MY VOICE--AND STRENGTH UNTIL WE FIND--HIM.
BYRON, OLD MAN, YOU'RE A WRECK. WE'VE GOT TO STOP, SO YOU CAN REST!
NO--NO TIME. KEEP GOING.
DEEPER AND DEEPER THEY VENTURE--INTO THE LAND OF THE BANDAR--THE PIGMY POISON PEOPLE.

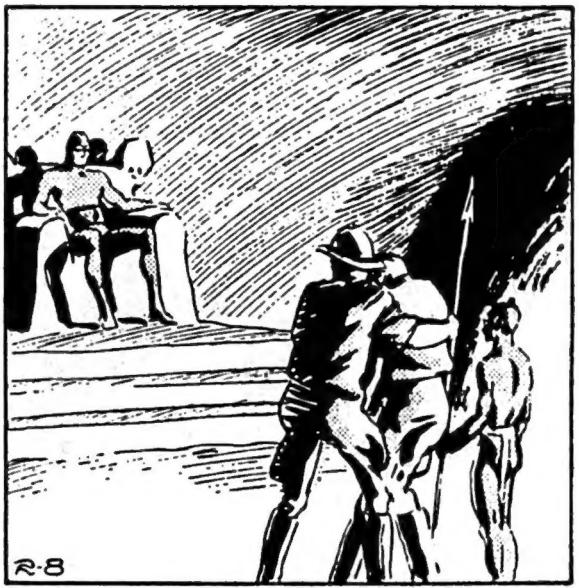
WE'RE BEING WATCHED NOW-- BY THOSE LITTLE DEVILS. PRETEND WE DON'T KNOW -- OR THEY'LL DROP US QUICKER THAN LEAD!
R-7

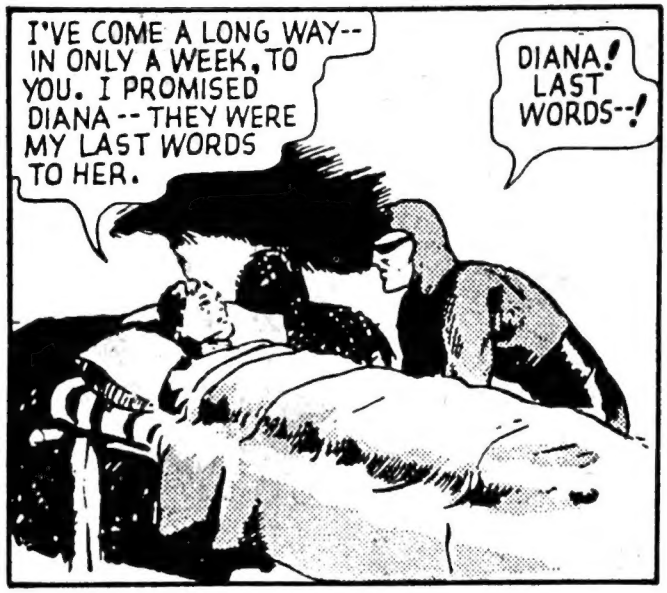

HOW-- WHERE-- DO WE FIND THIS PHANTOM?
WE DON'T. WE LET HIM FIND US. HE'LL KNOW WE'RE HERE. A LEAF CAN'T FALL IN THESE WOODS WITHOUT HIS KNOWING.
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO DIANA?


ON THE DEEP WOODS. BYRON AND DOOLITTLE SEARCH IN VAIN FOR THE PHANTOM.
COLONEL--I'VE TRIED HARD, BUT A MAN-- CAN GO JUST SO FAR. IF I DON'T LAST-- HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED TO DIANA AND---
WAIT THE PIGMIES ARE COMING OUT OF COVER!

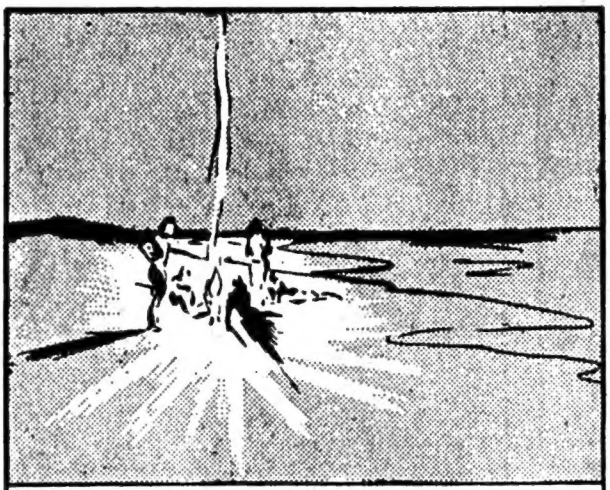
MEN OF BANDAR. TAKE US TO YOUR MASTER. TAKE US TO THE GHOST WHO WALKS!


SILENTLY, THEY ARE ESCORTED THROUGH A MAZE OF JUNGLE, BEHIND WATERFALLS, THROUGH CRUDE TUNNELS -- AND AT LAST --INTO A SKULL-LIKE CAVE . . . . .


R-8



"WHEN OUR LIFE-BOAT TIPPED, WE SWAM TO SHORE. LUCKILY, IT WASN'T FAR, BUT THE SEA WAS HEAVY, BAD UNDERTOW. WE BARELY MADE IT."

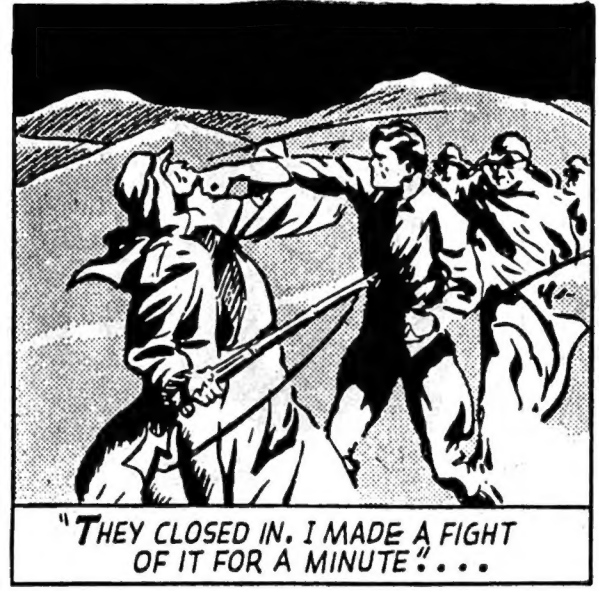


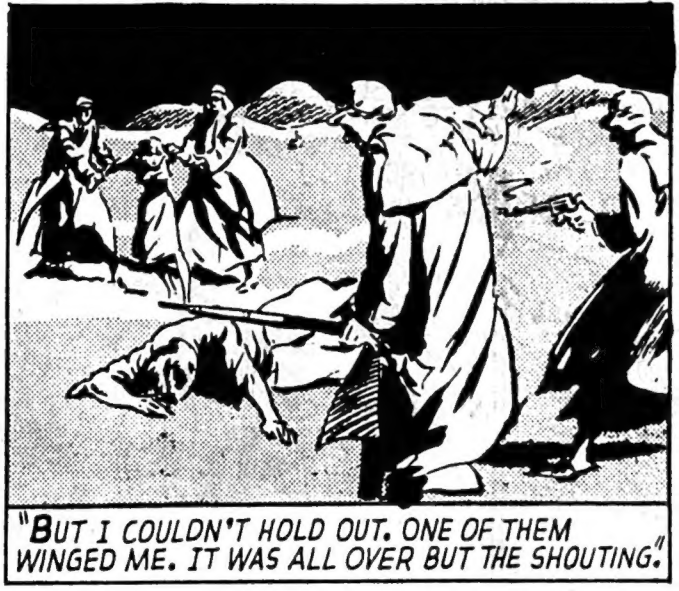
"WHEN THE STORM DIED DOWN, DIANA, MYSELF, AND A FEW OTHER SURVIVORS MANAGED TO BUILD A SMALL FIRE ON THE BEACH."

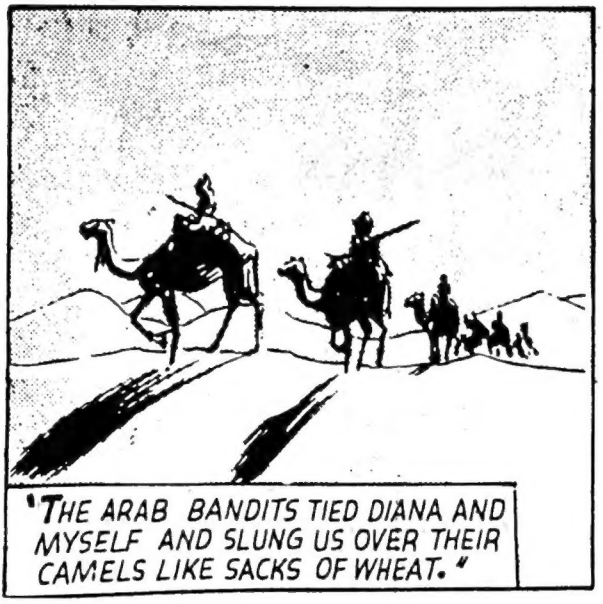
"SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING, WE WERE FIRED UPON!" tomorrow = THE FIGHT

STRANDED ON A REMOTE ARABIAN SHORE WHEN THEIR SHIP SINKS, THE SURVIVORS ARE SUDDENLY FIRED UPON BY DESERT BANDITS!

"I TOLD HER IT WAS HOPELESS. THEN SHE STARTED TO TALK ABOUT YOU."


"THEY CLOSED IN. I MADE A FIGHT OF IT FOR A MINUTE"...


"BUT I COULDN'T HOLD OUT. ONE OF THEM WINGED ME. IT WAS ALL OVER BUT THE SHOUTING."

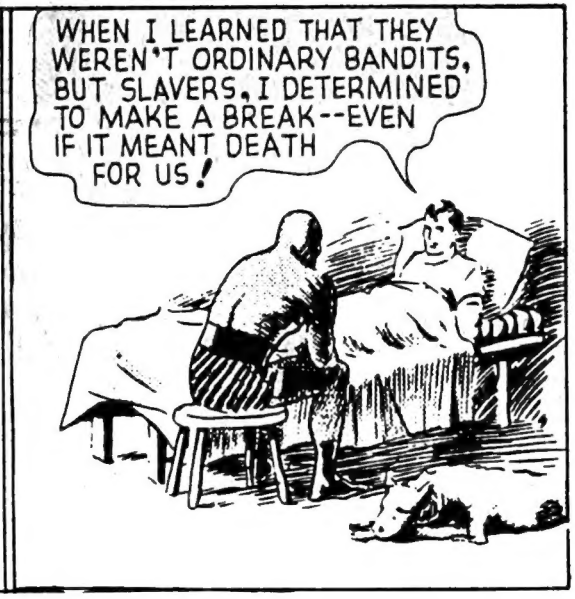

"THE ARAB BANDITS TIED DIANA AND MYSELF AND SLUNG US OVER THEIR CAMELS LIKE SACKS OF WHEAT."

THEY'RE JUST BANDITS, HOLDING OUT FOR A RANSOM. KEEP YOUR CHIN UP.
"THEY MADE CAMP LATER ON. I TRIED TO ENCOURAGE DIANA---"
R-11

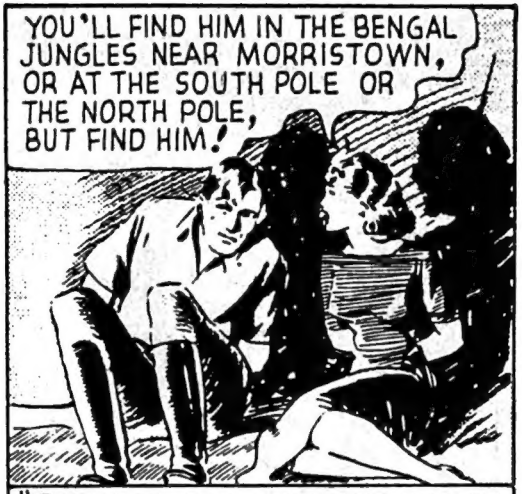
"THEN, I HEARD SOMETHING THAT MADE ME REALIZE I WAS WRONG--THAT WE HAD TO MAKE A BREAK AT ONCE!"

WE WERE IN THE HANDS OF SLAVE-TRADERS!
SLAVERS!
CONTINUED=

LIEUTENANT BYRON TELLS THE PHANTOM HOW HE AND DIANA WERE CAPTURED BY SLAVE-TRADERS.

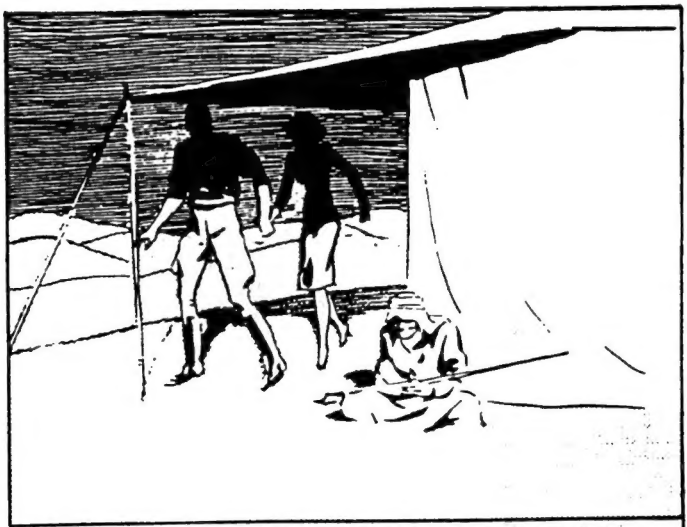



R-13



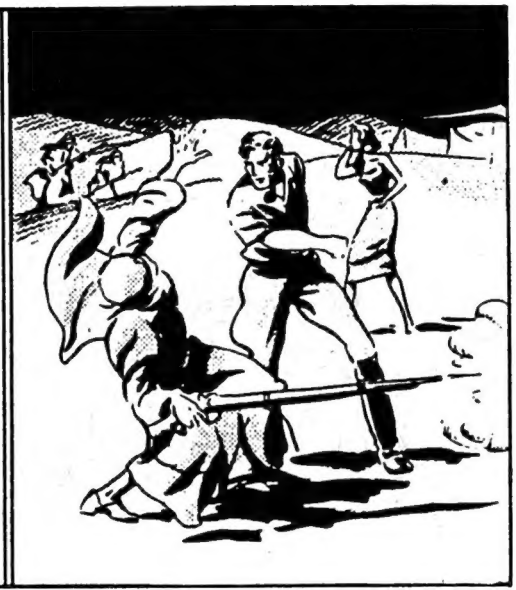

"DIANA TALKED CONSTANTLY OF YOU. SHE SAID IF I GOT AWAY, AND SHE DIDN'T, I WAS TO COME TO YOU--AND TELL YOU."

"SHE WAS A PLUCKY GIRL! SHE BIT THROUGH THOSE ROPES WITH HER TEETH!"



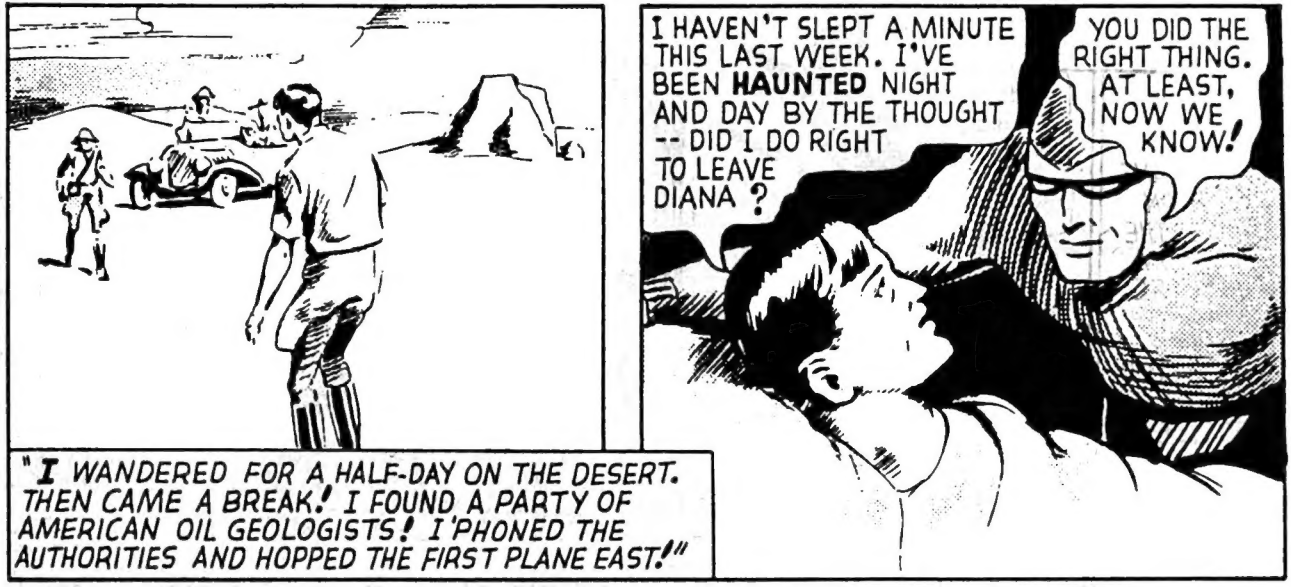
"WE WAITED UNTIL THE CAMP WAS QUIET, THEN WE STOLE PAST THE SENTRY!"

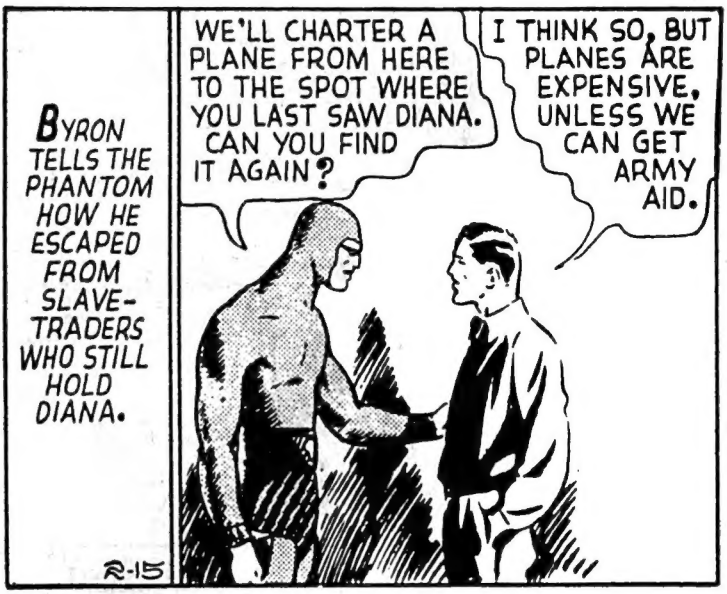
"AS WE CREPT OUT OF THE SLAVE-TRADERS' CAMP, A SENTRY SPOTTED US. I HOPPED HIM--BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! THEY'D HEARD HIS RIFLE!"



R-14

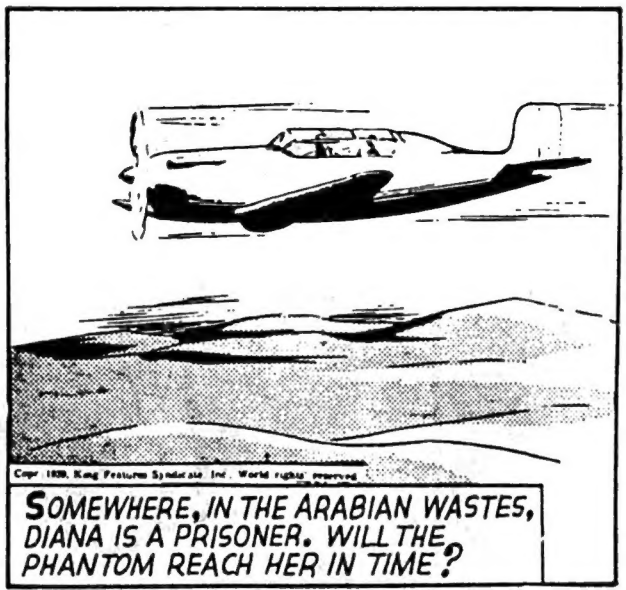
"I ESCAPED ALONE. I DECIDED THAT I COULD DO DIANA MORE GOOD BY GETTING AWAY, THAN BY PLAYING THE HERO AND GOING BACK."


"I WANDERED FOR A HALF-DAY ON THE DESERT. THEN CAME A BREAK! I FOUND A PARTY OF AMERICAN OIL GEOLOGISTS! I 'PHONED THE AUTHORITIES AND HOPPED THE FIRST PLANE EAST!"
I HAVEN'T SLEPT A MINUTE THIS LAST WEEK. I'VE BEEN HAUNTED NIGHT AND DAY BY THE THOUGHT -- DID I DO RIGHT TO LEAVE DIANA?
YOU DID THE RIGHT THING. AT LEAST, NOW WE KNOW!


BYRON TELLS THE PHANTOM HOW HE ESCAPED FROM SLAVE-TRADERS WHO STILL HOLD DIANA.
WE'LL CHARTER A PLANE FROM HERE TO THE SPOT WHERE YOU LAST SAW DIANA. CAN YOU FIND IT AGAIN?
I THINK SO, BUT PLANES ARE EXPENSIVE, UNLESS WE CAN GET ARMY AID.
R-15

GOOD NIGHT! HOW MUCH WEALTH IS IN THIS PLACE?
I NEVER COUNTED IT. THIS HAS BEEN THE "BANK" OF THE PHANTOM FOR CENTURIES; ONLY USED IN EMERGENCIES.

AUTHORITIES THERE WILL BE NOTIFIED AT ONCE. PARTIES WILL BE SENT OUT.
FINE, BUT I AM GOING AHEAD. BYRON IS COMING WITH ME.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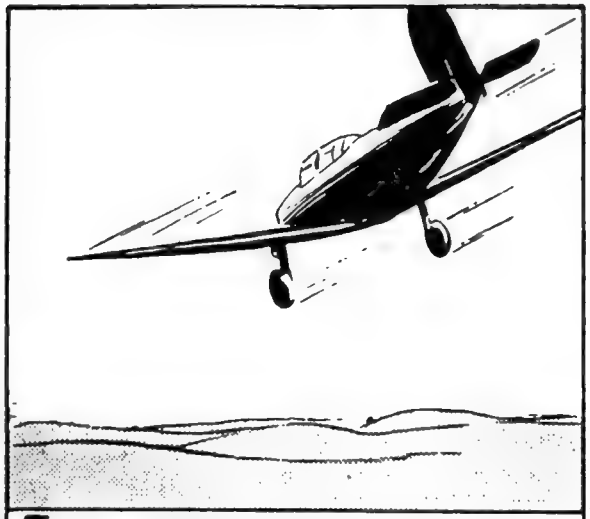
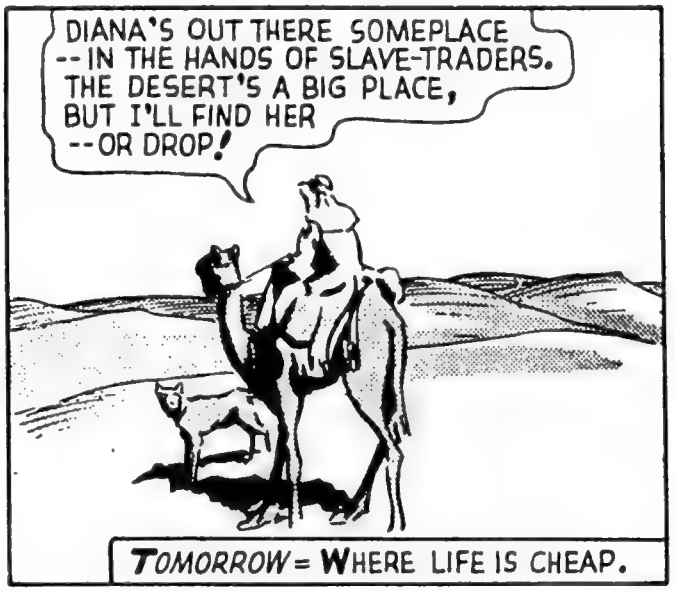
SOMEWHERE, IN THE ARABIAN WASTES, DIANA IS A PRISONER. WILL THE PHANTOM REACH HER IN TIME?



THE PHANTOM'S PLANE REACHES THE DESOLATE ARABIAN WASTELANDS.




TOMORROW = WHERE LIFE IS CHEAP.

THE PHANTOM SITS IN THE SILENT CIRCLE. NO ONE ELSE SPEAKS, BUT HE IS WATCHED BY CURIOUS, HARD EYES.

MAYBE THEY KNOW ABOUT THE SLAVERS. MAYBE NOT. LIFE IS CHEAP HERE. A MAN CAN BE KILLED FOR ASKING QUESTIONS.

MY MASTER IS A GREAT LORD OF THE NORTH. I SEARCH FOR A RARE COMMODITY-SLAVE GIRLS.
HOW WOULD I KNOW ABOUT THAT? SLAVERY IS ILLEGAL--IS IT NOT SO--MY FRIEND?
tomorrow-MY FRIEND

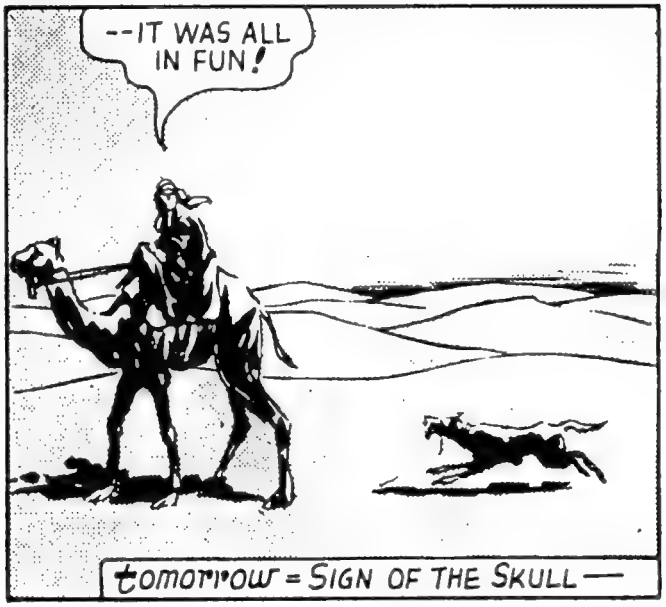
I PAY FOR INFORMATION--WITH GOLD, MY FRIEND.
SLAVERS PASSED HERE YESTERDAY. BY NOW THEY ARE A DAY'S MARCH TO THE EAST.

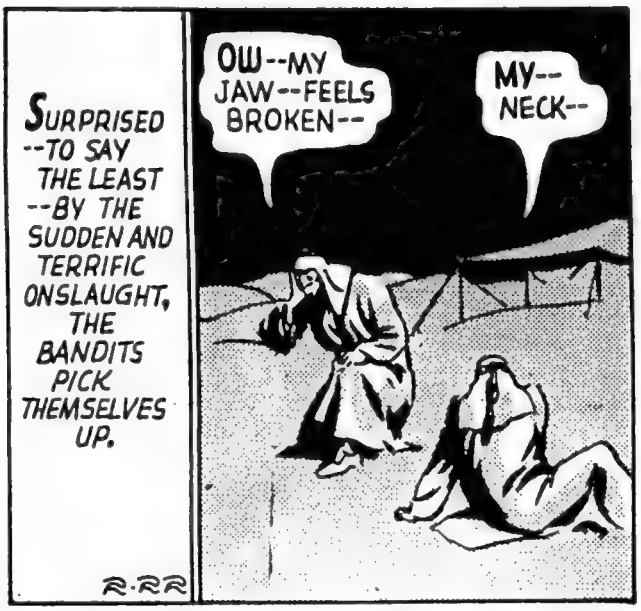
HE SEARCHES FOR SLAVES. HE GAVE ME THIS GOLD.
THEN HE MUST CARRY MUCH GOLD!
WE COULD BURY HIM BENEATH THE SAND--

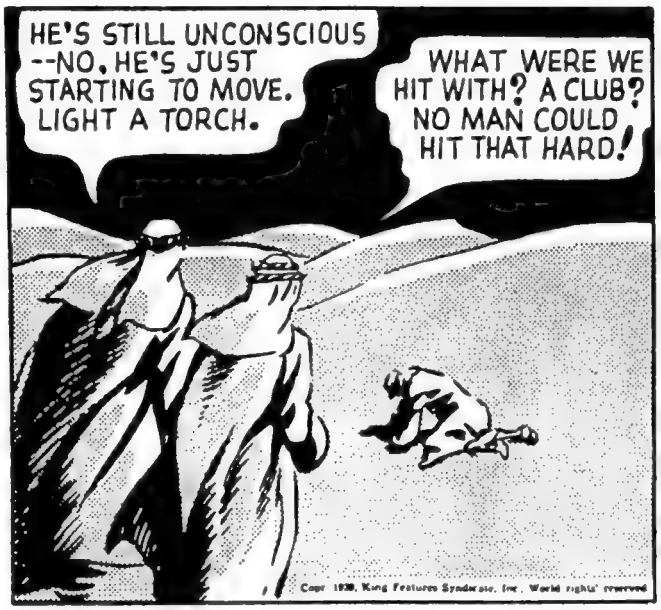
HE'S A SPY!
AN INFORMER!
KILL HIM!
GET HIS GOLD FIRST!
Continued

SEARCHING FOR SLAVERS WHO ABDUCTED DIANA, THE PHANTOM FALLS IN THE HANDS OF DESERT BANDITS!
I--I'M A PEACEFUL MAN. IF IT'S MY GOLD YOU WANT--T-TAKE IT--BUT PLEASE--SPARE MY LIFE! MAY I--MAY I HAVE SOME WATER?
LOOK AT THE YELLOW DOG TREMBLE.
HE WON'T NEED WATER WHERE HE'S GOING!
GIVE HIM A DRINK. A BAG OF WATER FOR A BAG OF GOLD.
AND THEN---!
THE PHANTOM DRINKS FROM THE FILLED GOAT-SKIN, THEN SUDDENLY WHIPS OUT A KNIFE...
WHAT---!
STOP HIM! SHOOT!
OUCH!
...AND SLITS OPEN THE WATERBAG, DUMPING THE WATER UPON THE FIRE!
DOUSING THE FIRE OF THE DESERT BANDITS WITH A SLIT WATERBAG, THE PHANTOM GOES INTO ACTION.
YOU FELLOWS HAD ME IN A TIGHT SPOT---
FLITTING FROM ONE TO ANOTHER IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS...
--SO IF THIS HURTS---
THE PHANTOM'S HARD FIST TAKES A HEAVY TOLL...

--NO HARD FEELINGS --REMEMBER---


--IT WAS ALL IN FUN!
tomorrow = SIGN OF THE SKULL —


SURPRISED --TO SAY THE LEAST --BY THE SUDDEN AND TERRIFIC ONSLAUGHT, THE BANDITS PICK THEMSELVES UP.
OW--MY JAW--FEELS BROKEN--
MY-- NECK--


HE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS --NO, HE'S JUST STARTING TO MOVE. LIGHT A TORCH.
WHAT WERE WE HIT WITH? A CLUB? NO MAN COULD HIT THAT HARD!
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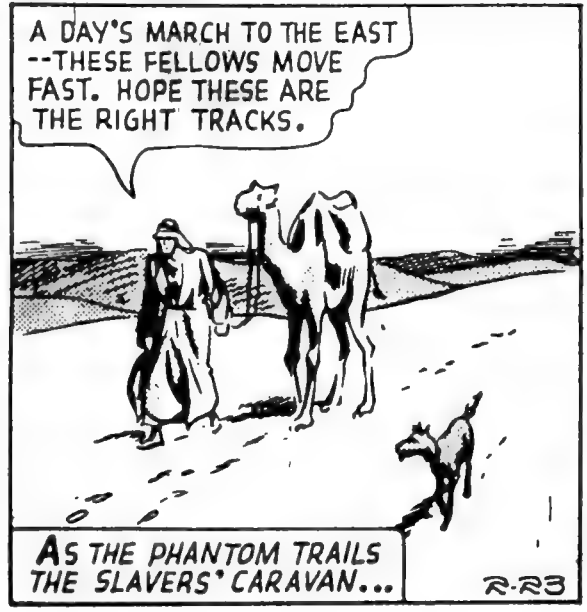
LOOK--- SIGN OF THE SKULL --ON HIS JAW--!

AND--ON YOU--
AND--ON YOU! THE--THE PHANTOM!
TOMORROW = DIANA!


A DAY'S MARCH TO THE EAST --THESE FELLOWS MOVE FAST. HOPE THESE ARE THE RIGHT TRACKS.
AS THE PHANTOM TRAILS THE SLAVERS' CARAVAN...
R-R3

YOU HAVE NOT BEEN ILL-TREATED. I'M TAKING GOOD CARE OF YOU-- BECAUSE YOU WILL BRING A GREAT PRICE!
A DEAD SLAVE WON'T DO ANYONE ANY GOOD.

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT. YOU ARE VERY LOVELY. PERHAPS --UH!

WILD CAT! IT WILL BE A PLEASURE--POSITIVE PLEASURE--TO SELL YOU!
tomorrow=FLARE ON THE DUNE

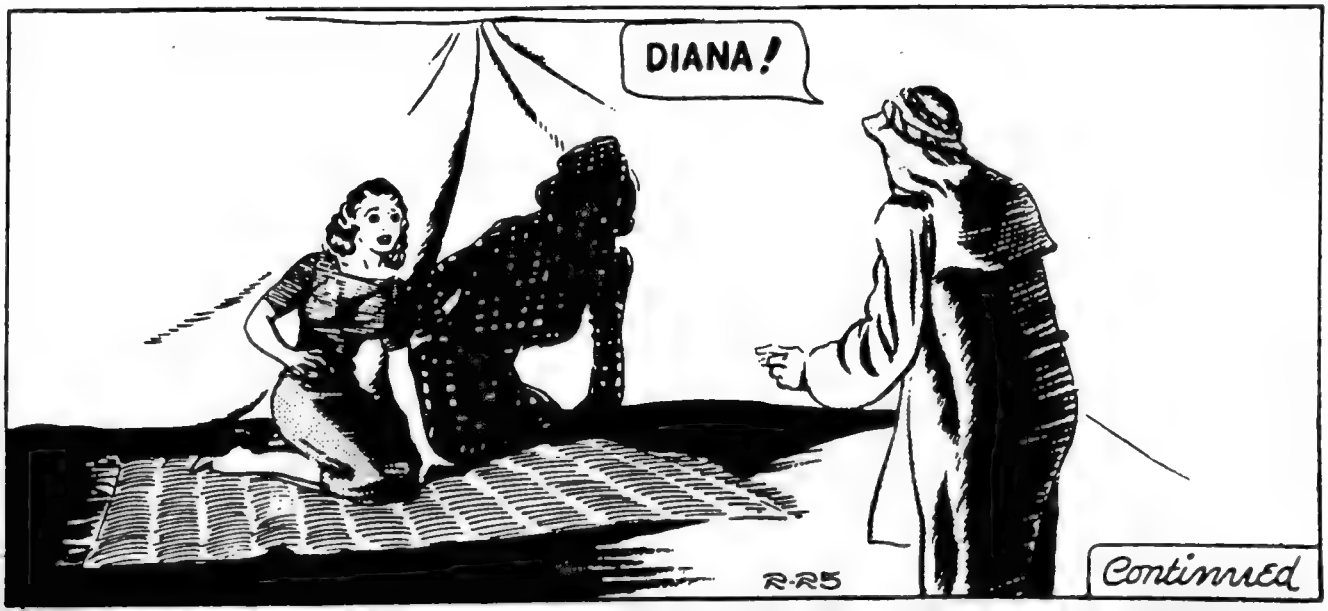
THAT MUST BE THE SLAVERS' CAMP. SEEMS TO BE WELL-GUARDED.
R-R4

NOW FOR A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.
TAKING COLORED FLARES FROM HIS CAMEL PACK, THE PHANTOM IGNITES THEM....

AND THE PHANTOM SLIPS PAST THE SENTRIES

A PRISONER IN A SLAVE CAMP. DIANA HAS GIVEN UP ALL HOPE.

SUDDENLY, SHE STARTS BACK IN TERROR....



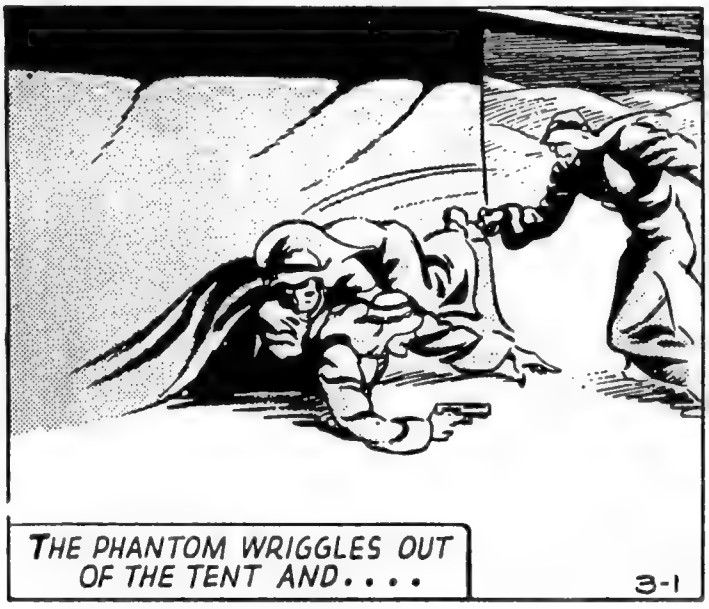

Continued

The PHANTOM REACHES DIANA IN THE SLAVERS' CAMP.
R-27
I FEEL LIKE SHOUTING, OR SINGING, OR CRYING OR SOMETHING!
POOR DARLING, YOU'VE HAD A TOUGH TIME.
HOW DID YOU EVER FIND ME? DID BYRON--?
RIGHT, BYRON GOT AWAY AND CAME TO ME. LET ME LOOK AT YOU. IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME, DIANA.
IN THE HAPPINESS OF REUNION, THEY FORGET FOR A MOMENT, THE DANGER THAT SURROUNDS THEM!
IN THE SLAVERS' CAMP.
LIGHTS DON'T COME OUT OF SAND BY THEMSELVES--
A DESERT DJINN, AN EVIL SPIRIT--?
NO, YOU FOOL. CAN'T YOU SEE THE FOOT-PRINTS?
ON THE DUNES, THE SLAVERS ARE INVESTIGATING THE FLARES THAT THE PHANTOM STARTED...

ALI, THERE IS A STRANGER IN THE TENT OF THE GIRL! THEY SPEAK A STRANGE TONGUE!
QUICK! BACK TO HER TENT! IT'S THE ONE WHO LEFT THESE LIGHTS! WE'LL GET HIM--!
2-28

TIME FOR US TO GET GOING, DARLING. NOT AFRAID, ARE YOU?
NOT WITH YOU.

HERE WE GO, DIANA. FOLLOW RIGHT AFTER ME.


THE PHANTOM WRIGGLES OUT OF THE TENT AND....
3-1

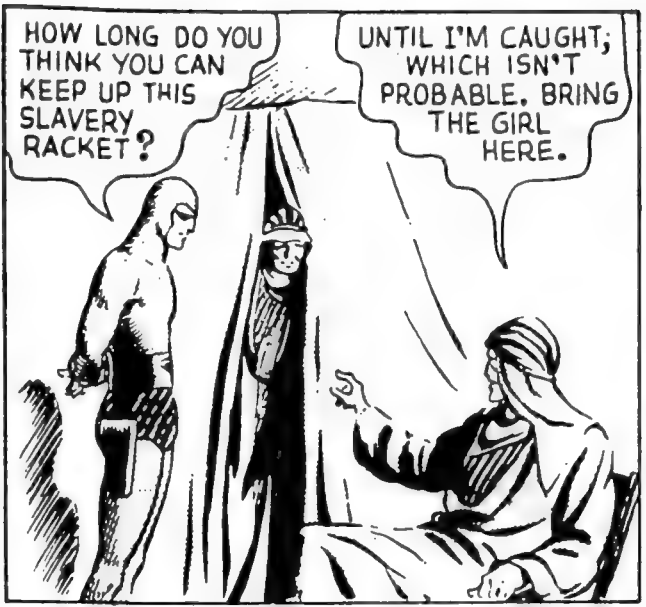
-AND THE PHANTOM GOES DOWN!

ALI, THIS IS THE DOG!
IT TOOK TEN MEN TO BRING HIM DOWN? TEAR OFF HIS ROBE. I'D LIKE A BETTER LOOK AT THIS FOOL WHO COMES TO STEAL FROM US!

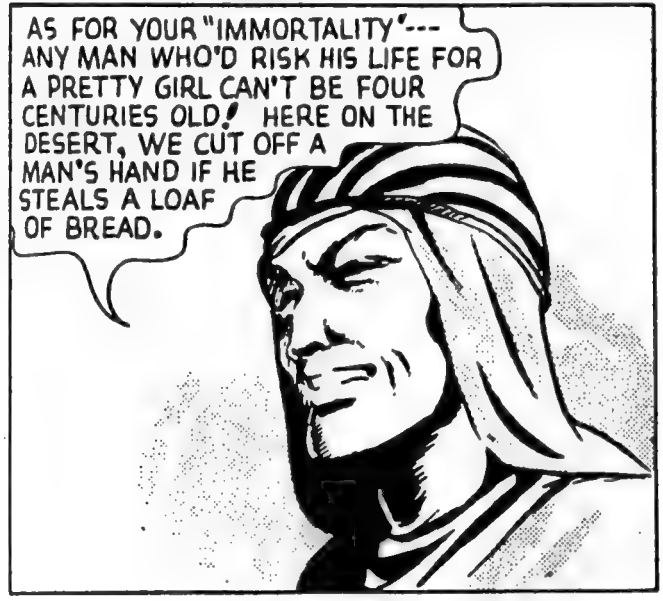
THE PHANTOM

SO--YOU ARE THE PHANTOM! YOUR FAME HAS SPREAD.
UNTIE MY HANDS FOR TWO MINUTES. AND IT'LL SPREAD FARTHER.

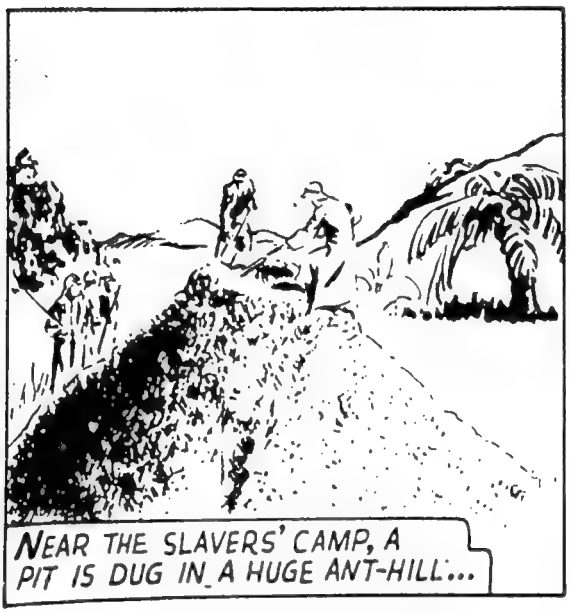
LEGEND HAS IT THAT YOU LAST VISITED US TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO. WHAT BRINGS YOU BACK, BOGEYMAN?
I FORGOT MY UMBRELLA.
3-2


HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP UP THIS SLAVERY RACKET?
UNTIL I'M CAUGHT; WHICH ISN'T PROBABLE. BRING THE GIRL HERE.

I'LL ADMIT YOU HAD A GOOD REASON FOR COMING HERE. YOU TOOK A CHANCE AND YOU LOST. WHEN A MAN LOSES, HE MUST PAY.


AS FOR YOUR "IMMORTALITY"--- ANY MAN WHO'D RISK HIS LIFE FOR A PRETTY GIRL CAN'T BE FOUR CENTURIES OLD! HERE ON THE DESERT, WE CUT OFF A MAN'S HAND IF HE STEALS A LOAF OF BREAD.

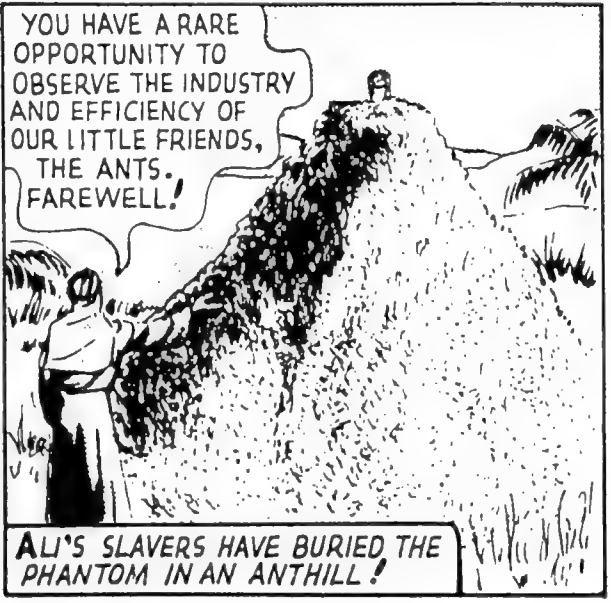
YOU TRIED TO STEAL THIS GIRL WHO IS WORTH A FORTUNE TO US. WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'LL DO TO YOU?
I GIVE UP. WHAT?
3-3
tomorrow - WHAT?


NEAR THE SLAVERS' CAMP, A PIT IS DUG IN A HUGE ANT-HILL...

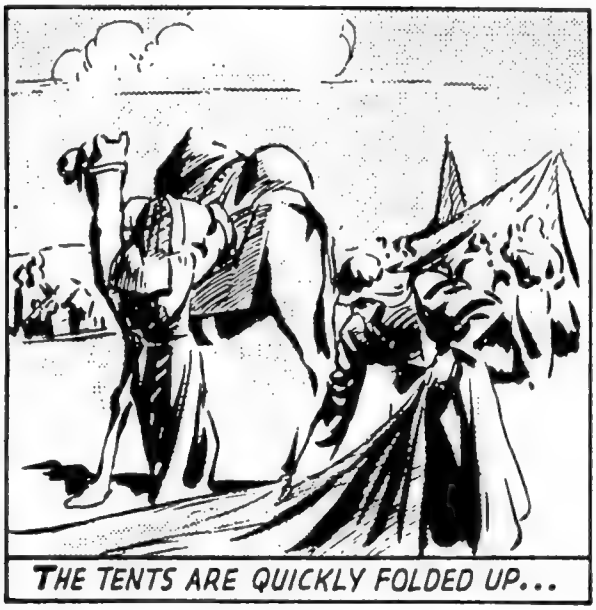
I REGRET I HAVEN'T MORE TIME TO TALK TO YOU, BUT WE HAVE TO MOVE ON.
I APPRECIATE YOUR COURTESY, ALI, BUT THEN, I'M USED TO THE FAMOUS DESERT HOSPITALITY BY NOW.

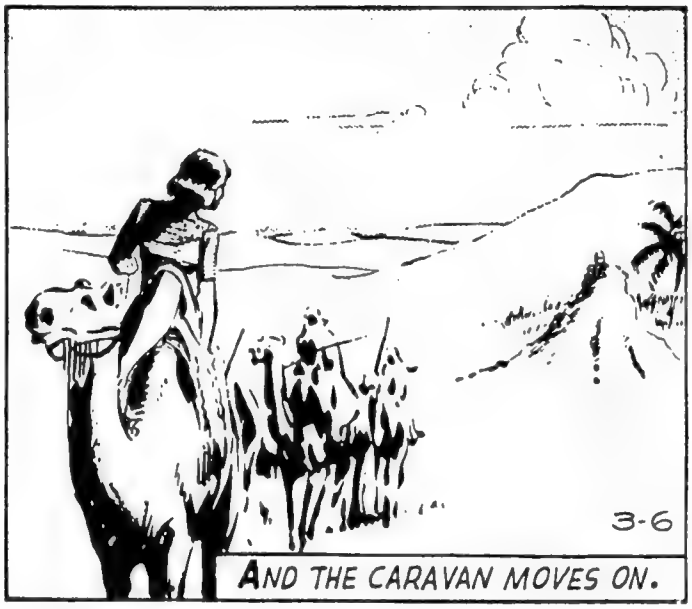
TO SHOW I AM A GENEROUS MAN, I CAN END YOU QUICKLY -- WITH A BULLET, IF YOU PREFER--
NO THANK YOU, ALI, BUT I WARN YOU-- I'LL WIPE THAT SMILE OFF YOUR FACE SOMEDAY.
3-4

AND THE PHANTOM IS LOWERED INTO THE SWARMING ANT-HILL!
CONTINUED—


YOU HAVE A RARE OPPORTUNITY TO OBSERVE THE INDUSTRY AND EFFICIENCY OF OUR LITTLE FRIENDS, THE ANTS. FAREWELL!
ALI'S SLAVERS HAVE BURIED THE PHANTOM IN AN ANTHILL!

YOU CAN'T LEAVE HIM--THERE!
AND WHO'S TO STOP US? COME, WE'RE IN A HURRY.


THE TENTS ARE QUICKLY FOLDED UP...


3-6
AND THE CARAVAN MOVES ON.

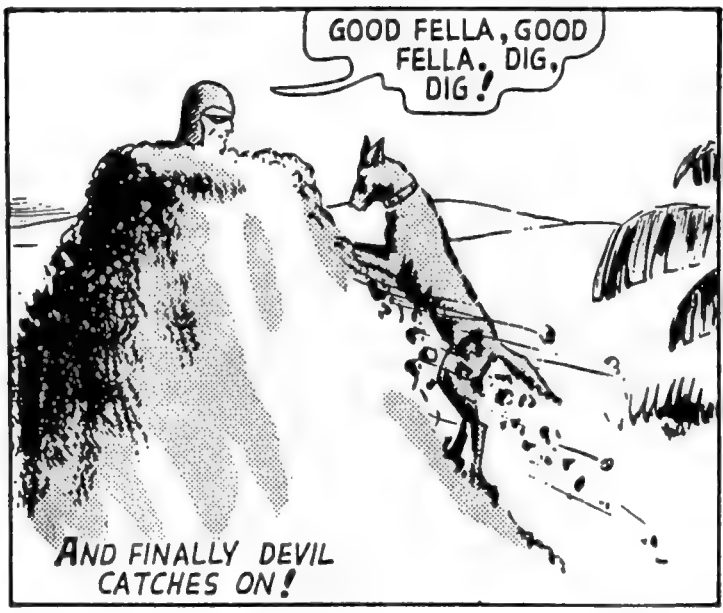
YOU'VE GOT TO GO BACK--AND END HIS TORTURE!
WE WOULD ALL LIKE TO GO BACK--AND WATCH! BUT THE STUPID GOVERNMENT FROWNS ON SUCH DESERT TRADITIONS! SO--WE MUST GO ON!

DEVIL!
DEVIL, FORGOTTEN BY THE OTHERS, HAS REMAINED WITH HIS MASTER AT THE ANTHILL!

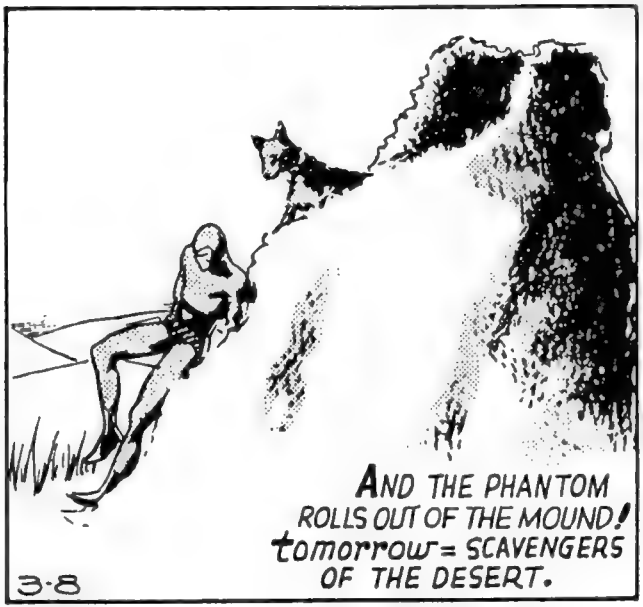
DIG, FELLA--
DIG--DIG!

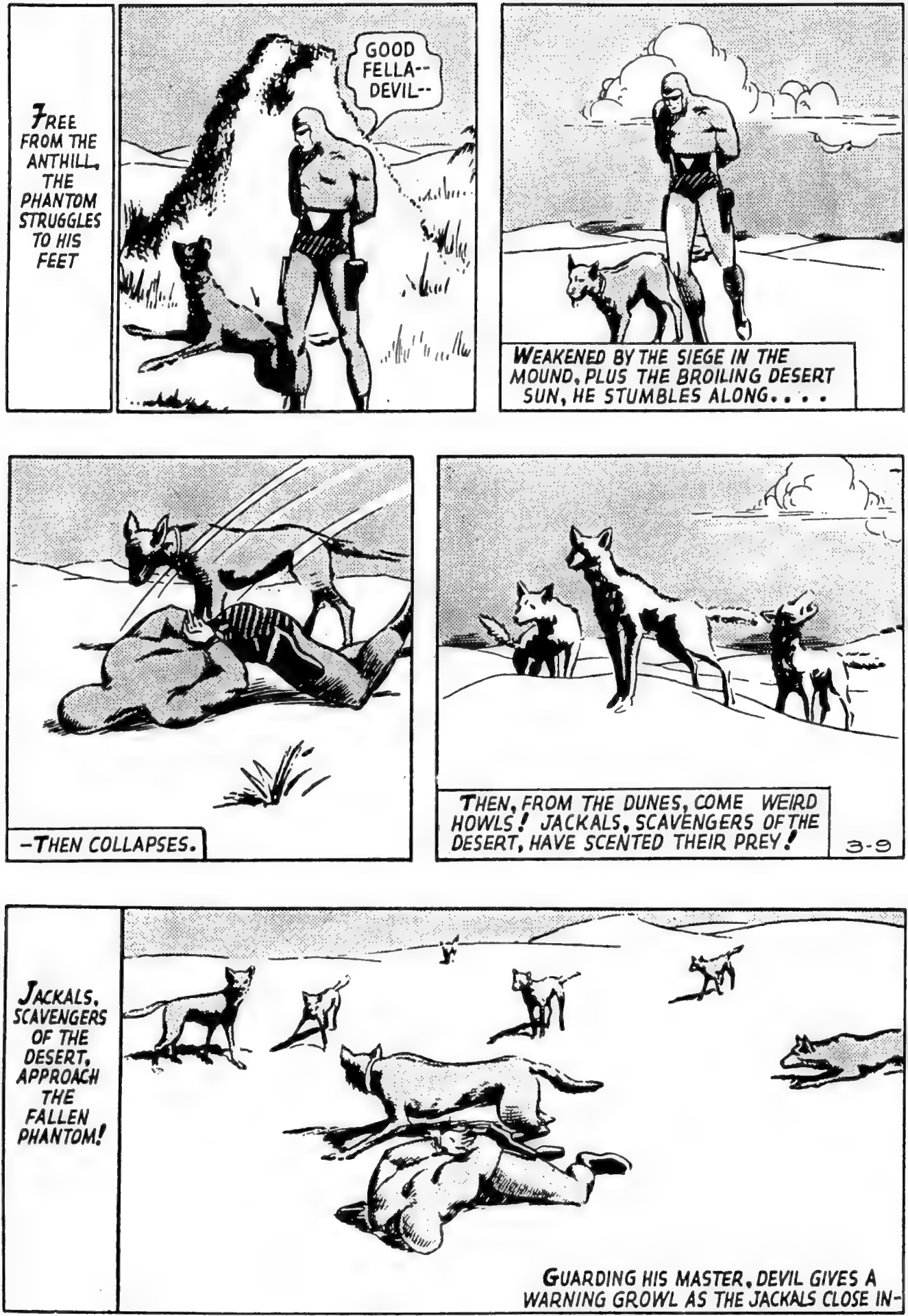
DIG--DIG--
3-7
KNOWING SOMETHING IS WANTED OF HIM, BUT NOT UNDERSTANDING WHAT IT IS, DEVIL LICKS HIS MASTER'S FACE NERVOUSLY.

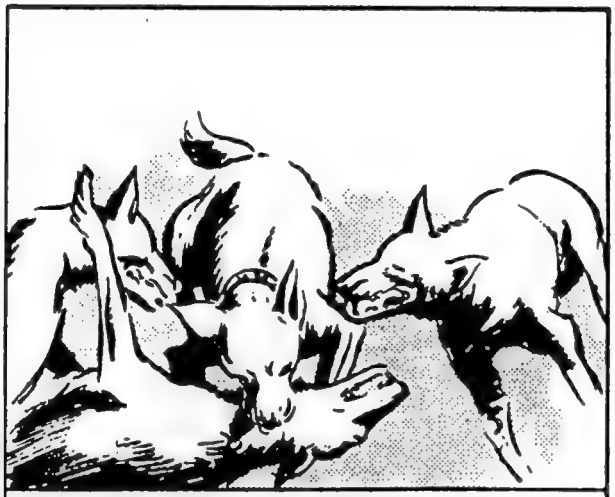
DIG, DEVIL, DIG!
DIG, DIG!


GOOD FELLA, GOOD FELLA, DIG, DIG!
AND FINALLY DEVIL CATCHES ON!

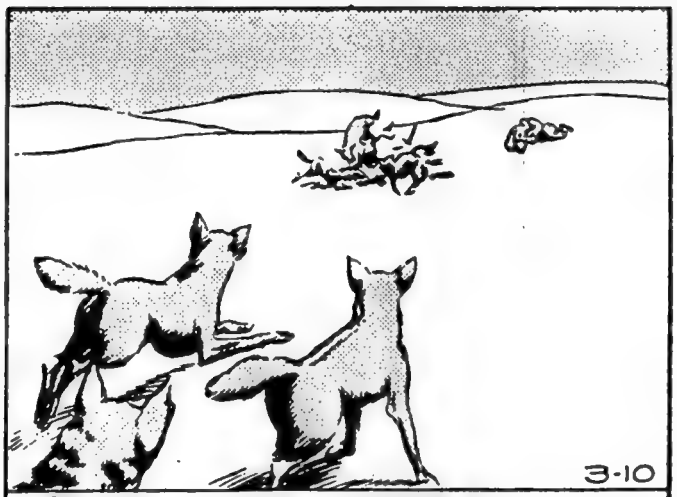
DEVIL DIGS FURIOUSLY IN THE LOOSE MOUND-


AND THE PHANTOM ROLLS OUT OF THE MOUND!
tomorrow = SCAVENGERS OF THE DESERT.
3-8

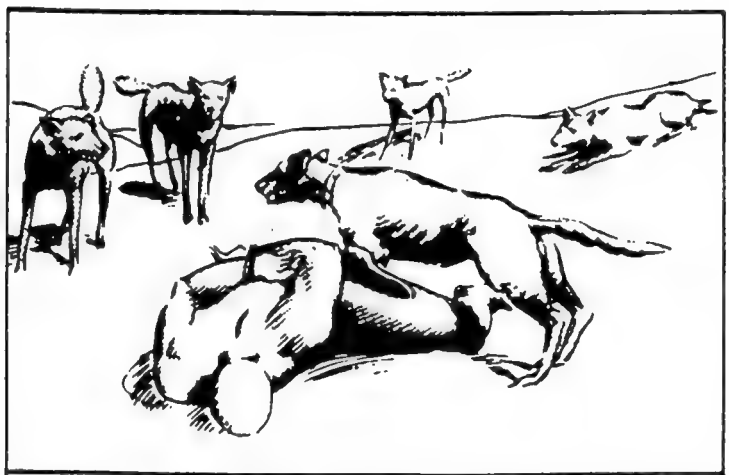

FREE FROM THE ANTHILL, THE PHANTOM STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET
GOOD FELLA-- DEVIL--
WEAKENED BY THE SIEGE IN THE MOUND, PLUS THE BROILING DESERT SUN, HE STUMBLES ALONG. . . .
-THEN COLLAPSES.
THEN, FROM THE DUNES, COME WEIRD HOWLS! JACKALS, SCAVENGERS OF THE DESERT, HAVE SCENTED THEIR PREY!
3-9
JACKALS, SCAVENGERS OF THE DESERT, APPROACH THE FALLEN PHANTOM!
GUARDING HIS MASTER, DEVIL GIVES A WARNING GROWL AS THE JACKALS CLOSE IN-



THE LONE GAUNT WOLF BATTLES FURIOUSLY IN THE SAVAGE FIGHT WHERE MERCY IS NEITHER ASKED NOR GIVEN.....




SWARMS OF JACKALS STREAM INTO THE FRAY, AND DEVIL, STILL FIGHTING IS COVERED BY THE CLAWING, SNAPPING PACK!



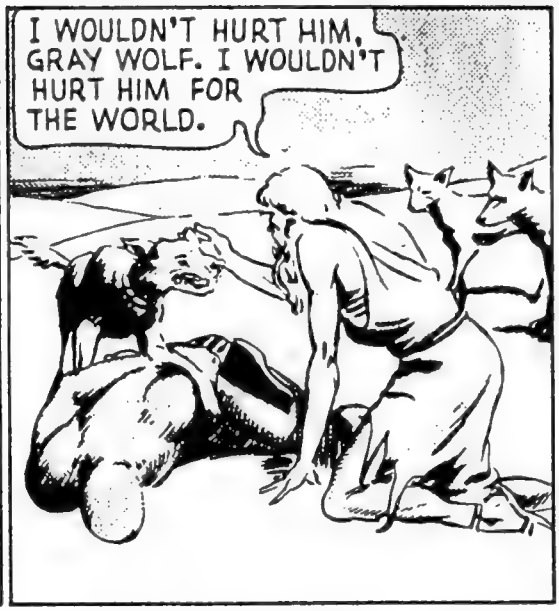
DEVIL DRAGS HIMSELF WEAKLY OVER THE BODY OF THE FALLEN PHANTOM, READY TO DEFEND HIS MASTER TO HIS LAST BREATH --BUT THE JACKALS, MADE BRAVE BY THEIR NUMBERS, CLOSE IN RELENTLESSLY...

THEN, FROM OVER THE DUNES, COMES A STRANGER ....

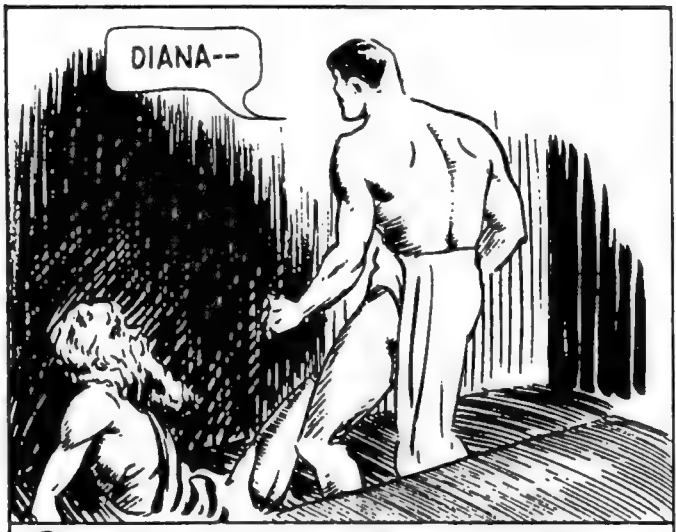
HE BLOWS A WHISTLE, AN EERIE, QUAVERING NOTE...

AND THE SAVAGE JACKALS LEAP ABOUT THE STRANGER LIKE PET DOGS AS HE APPROACHES THE PHANTOM! continued—

DEVIL TRIES TO WARD OFF THE OLD STRANGER WEAKLY, BUT---



THE OLD STRANGER BRINGS THE PHANTOM TO A REMOTE SHACK. THERE HE RUBS HIM WITH SOOTHING PALM OIL...



SUDDENLY REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, THE PHANTOM SPRINGS TO HIS FEET...

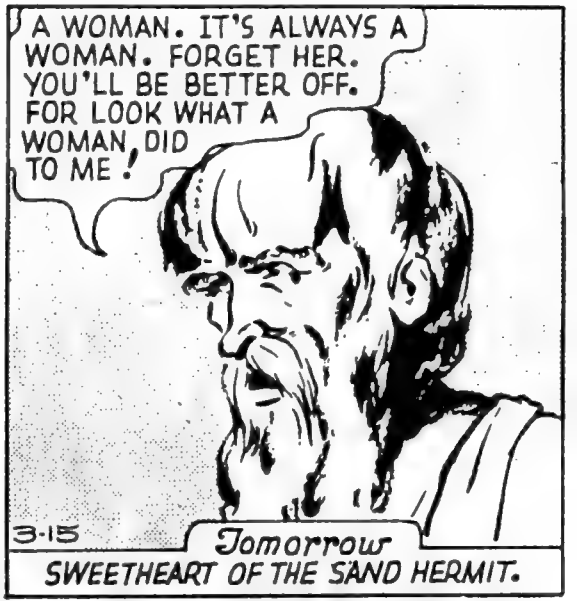
I'VE GOT TO GET TO HER---OH, I'M WEAK--WEAK AS A BABY---
AND COLLAPSES TO THE FLOOR OF THE SHACK...

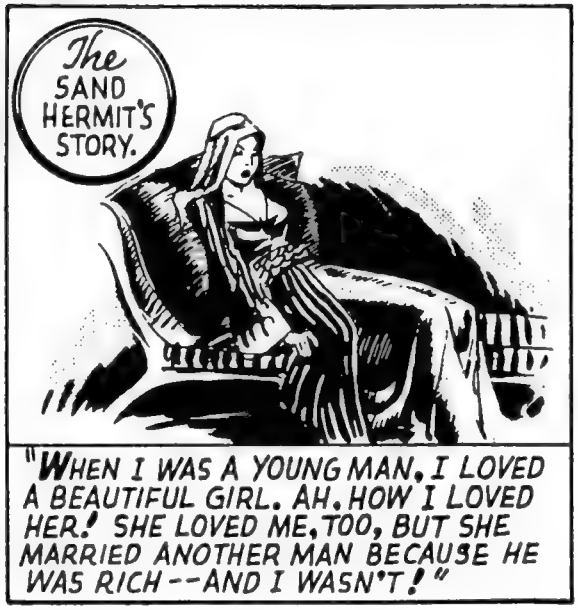
TO LET A LITTLE SUN AND A FEW ANTS GET ME LIKE THIS--!
A COMBINATION OF INSECT POISON AND DESERT SUN IS AS DEADLY AS BULLETS. YOU MUST REST, MY FRIEND.
3-14
TOMORROW = THE SAND HERMIT'S ADVICE.

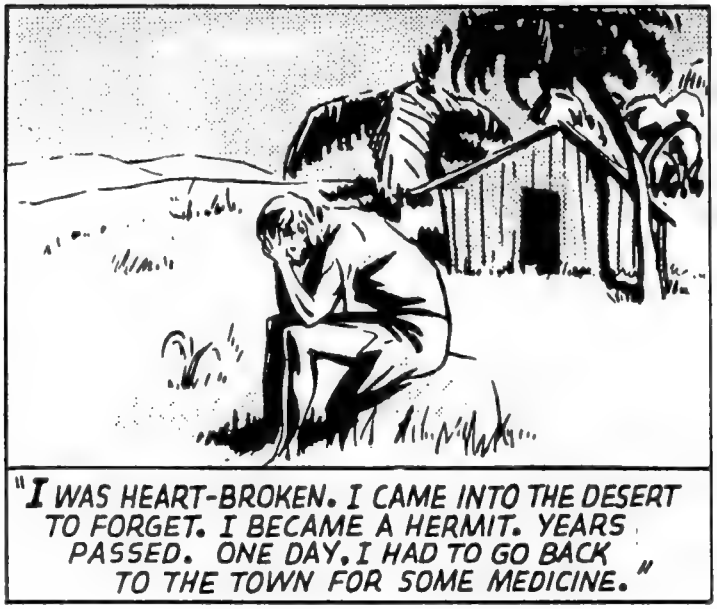
SO YOU ARE THE PHANTOM! THE GHOST WHO WALKS!
YOU ARE THE FIRST MAN WHO'S EVER SEEN MY FACE. WHO ARE YOU?

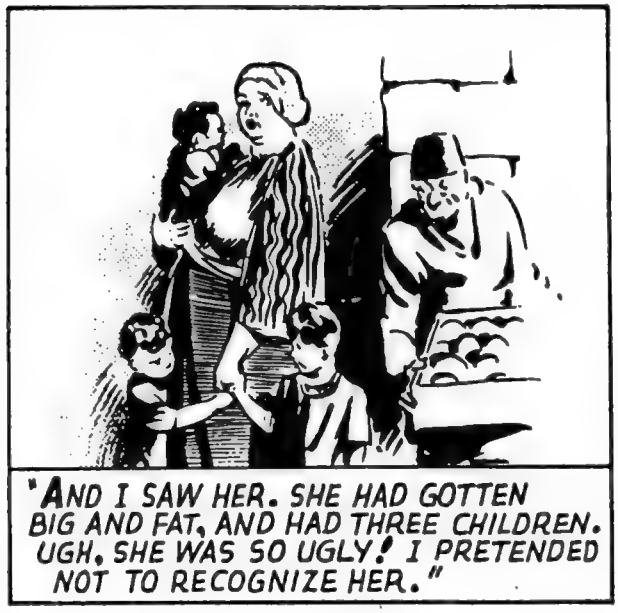
THEY CALL ME THE SAND HERMIT. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO SAY ABOUT ME.
BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN TAME JACKALS BEFORE. THEY'RE USUALLY SAVAGE, VICIOUS ANIMALS. YET THEY FOLLOW YOU LIKE PETS.

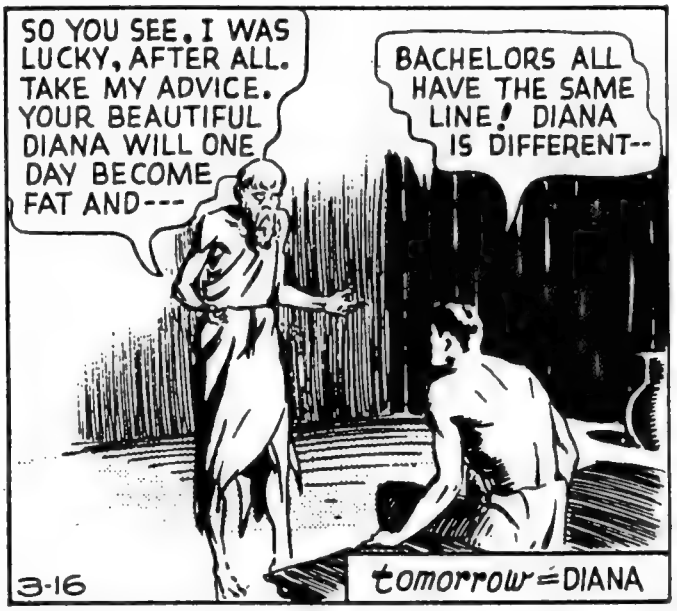
THEY'RE MY ONLY FRIENDS. I'VE LIVED OUT HERE FOR YEARS AND YEARS. WE KNOW EACH OTHER NOW.
WE WASTE TIME TALKING HERE. DIANA'S IN THE HANDS OF THOSE--- I'VE GOT TO BE GETTING ON!

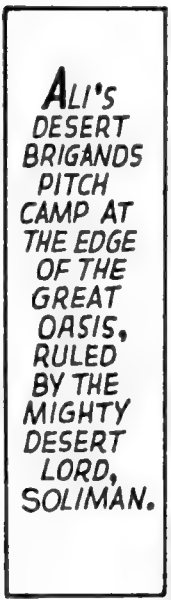

A WOMAN. IT'S ALWAYS A WOMAN. FORGET HER. YOU'LL BE BETTER OFF. FOR LOOK WHAT A WOMAN DID TO ME!
3-15
Tomorrow
SWEETHEART OF THE SAND HERMIT.


The SAND HERMIT'S STORY.
"WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN, I LOVED A BEAUTIFUL GIRL. AH, HOW I LOVED HER! SHE LOVED ME, TOO, BUT SHE MARRIED ANOTHER MAN BECAUSE HE WAS RICH--AND I WASN'T!"

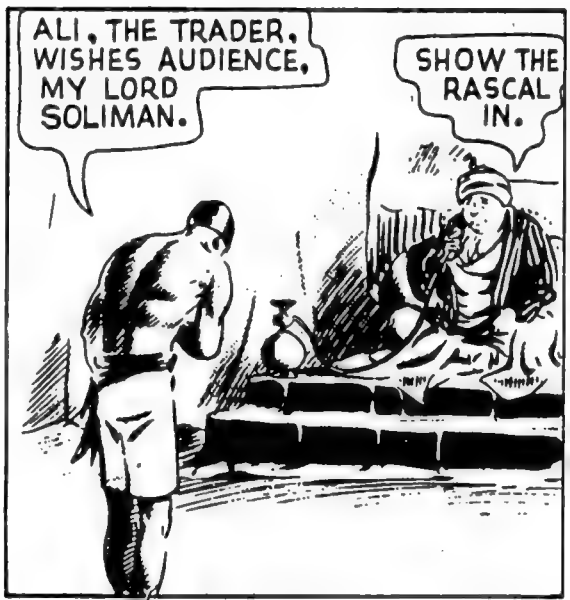

"I WAS HEART-BROKEN. I CAME INTO THE DESERT TO FORGET. I BECAME A HERMIT. YEARS PASSED. ONE DAY, I HAD TO GO BACK TO THE TOWN FOR SOME MEDICINE."


"AND I SAW HER. SHE HAD GOTTEN BIG AND FAT, AND HAD THREE CHILDREN. UGH, SHE WAS SO UGLY! I PRETENDED NOT TO RECOGNIZE HER."


SO YOU SEE, I WAS LUCKY, AFTER ALL. TAKE MY ADVICE. YOUR BEAUTIFUL DIANA WILL ONE DAY BECOME FAT AND---
BACHELORS ALL HAVE THE SAME LINE! DIANA IS DIFFERENT--
3-16
tomorrow=DIANA


ALI'S DESERT BRIGANDS PITCH CAMP AT THE EDGE OF THE GREAT OASIS, RULED BY THE MIGHTY DESERT LORD, SOLIMAN.

SOON YOU WILL BE SEEN BY THE GREAT LORD SOLIMAN. MAKE YOURSELF BEAUTIFUL.


ALI, THE TRADER, WISHES AUDIENCE, MY LORD SOLIMAN.
SHOW THE RASCAL IN.

I BRING YOU A DANCING GIRL, LORD SOLIMAN. THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TREASURE OF THE EARTH. AT A PRICE THAT---
I'LL SEE HER BEFORE WE TALK PRICE, ALI.

MAKE MYSELF BEAUTIFUL--!
3-17
MEANWHILE, DIANA GOES TO WORK WITH PIECES OF CHARRED WOOD!

I BRING HER BEFORE YOU NOW, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GEM YOUR EYES HAVE EVER---
BRING HER ON, BRING HER ON, ALI. I'VE HEARD YOU BOAST LIKE THIS BEFORE.

AH--BUT NOW, YOU WILL SEE, MY LORD SOLIMAN!

PAH! YOU DARE BRING SUCH A REPULSIVE SIGHT BEFORE MY EYES? TAKE HER AWAY!
3-18
Continued-

IN THE GREAT OASIS. ALI ATTEMPTS TO SELL DIANA AS A SLAVE GIRL.
BUT, MY LORD SULIMAN---
NEVER HAS SUCH A SIGHT BEEN SEEN SINCE THE DAWN OF MAN! OUT OF MY SIGHT, ALI!
3-20

I TOLD YOU TO MAKE YOURSELF BEAUTIFUL! AND YOU DID THIS INSTEAD--SO LORD SULIMAN WOULD NOT BE PLEASED WITH YOU!
YOU CATCH ON QUICKLY.

I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU YET! YOU'LL BATHE --AND MAKE YOURSELF LOVELY!
I'LL DO NO SUCH THING!

NO? IF YOU WON'T DO IT, YOURSELF, MAYBE THESE LITTLE LADIES CAN HELP YOU!
tomorrow—DIANA GETS A BATH.

STOP THIS! LET ME OUT OF HERE!
ALI SAID--WASH!

HERE IS A GOWN I BOUGHT FROM A PASSING CARAVAN. IT SHOULD FIT HER. AND HERE ARE JEWELS FOR HER.

3-21

AH. THAT'S BETTER! NOW GUARD HER. YOU TWO, WHILE I SEE MY LORD SULIMAN AGAIN. WATCH HER CLOSELY. SHE'S A TRICKY ONE!
TOMORROW = FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.

SO YOU SEE, LORD SULIMAN, THE GIRL MADE HERSELF UGLY TO AVOID BEING SOLD.
INTERESTING. THAT MEANS INTELLIGENCE. A RARE THING IN A SLAVE GIRL. NOW IF SHE IS BEAUTIFUL AS WELL --

YOU SHALL SEE FOR YOURSELF. HERE SHE IS NOW!

BEHOLD!
A-A EUROPEAN WOMAN!
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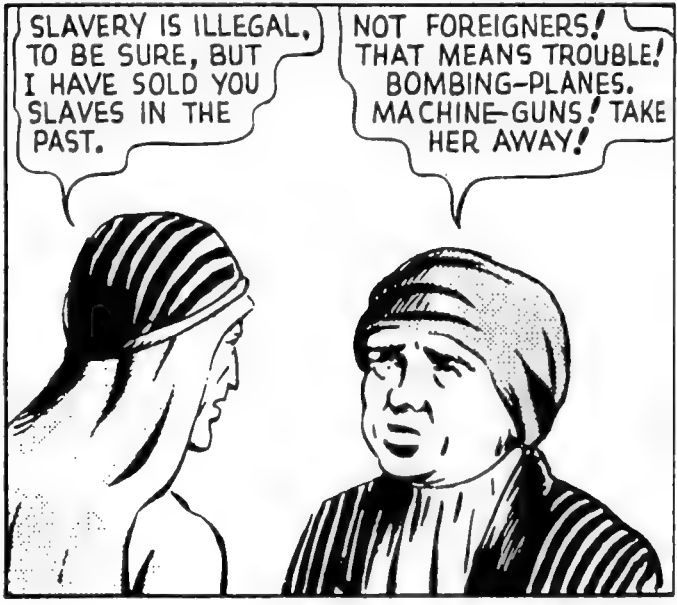
NO, AN AMERICAN.
AN AMERICAN! FOOL! TAKE HER AWAY BEFORE I HAVE YOU LASHED TO DEATH!
3-22
tomorrow = ALI ON THE SPOT

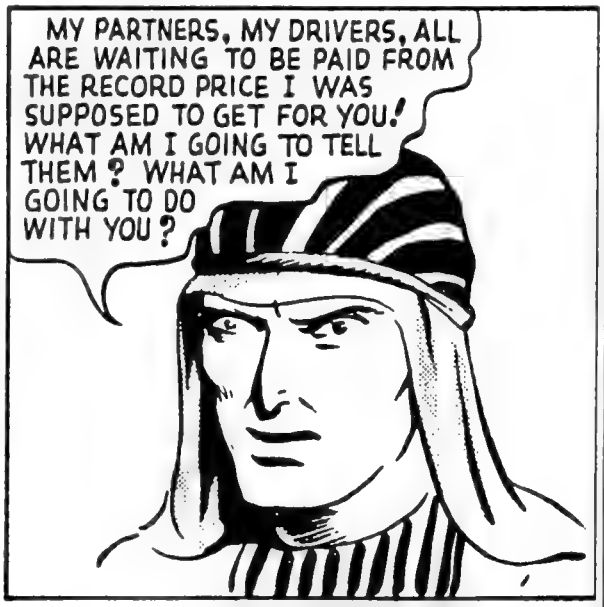
BUT MY LORD SULIMAN, WAS SHE NOT BEAUTIFUL?
AN AMERICAN GIRL! I THOUGHT YOU WERE BRINGING A NATIVE DANCING GIRL! HAVE YOU NO SENSE? DO YOU WANT TO BRING SOLDIERS DOWN ON MY HEAD?


SLAVERY IS ILLEGAL, TO BE SURE, BUT I HAVE SOLD YOU SLAVES IN THE PAST.
NOT FOREIGNERS! THAT MEANS TROUBLE! BOMBING-PLANES. MACHINE-GUNS! TAKE HER AWAY!

BUT WHAT WILL I DO WITH HER? HOW CAN I FACE MY PARTNERS, MY CAMEL-DRIVERS? THEY WERE EXPECTING A BIG PRICE FOR HER?
THAT'S YOUR LOOK-OUT, YOU SCOUNDREL!

HAVE HER AND YOUR TENTS OUT OF MY OASIS WITHIN ONE HOUR--OR YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER SUNRISE!
3-23

SULIMAN REFUSED YOU! HE'S AFRAID, BECAUSE YOU ARE A FOREIGNER. NO ONE WILL BUY YOU!
AM I SUPPOSED TO CRY?


MY PARTNERS, MY DRIVERS, ALL ARE WAITING TO BE PAID FROM THE RECORD PRICE I WAS SUPPOSED TO GET FOR YOU! WHAT AM I GOING TO TELL THEM? WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU?

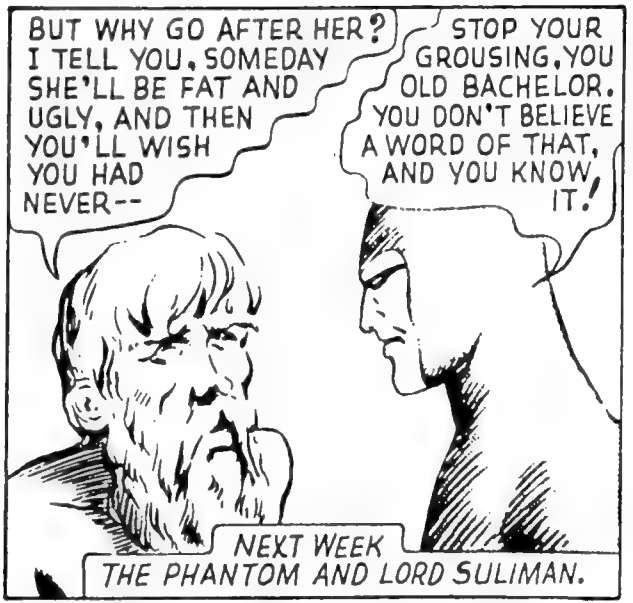
THAT'S EASY. LET ME GO, ALI.
YES, AND HAVE YOU SEND THE SOLDIERS AFTER ME! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OVER HERE, ANYHOW? WHY COULDN'T YOU STAY WHERE YOU BELONG?

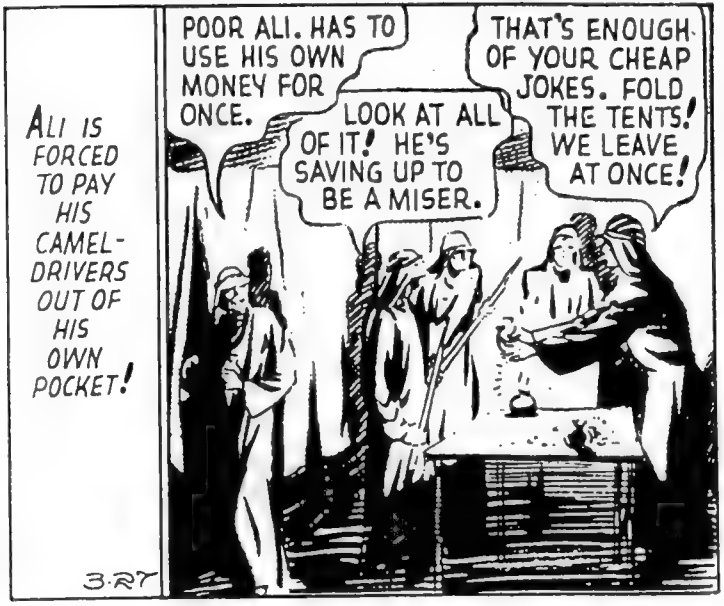
WHY DID I HAVE TO FIND YOU? WHAT CAN I DO WITH YOU?
YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE!
3-24
TOMORROW = MORE TROUBLE FOR ALI

WHERE IS THE MONEY YOU GOT FOR THE SLAVE?
I TELL YOU, I HAVE NO MONEY. SULIMAN REFUSED TO BUY HER, BECAUSE SHE IS A FOREIGNER!
3-25

YOU'LL PAY US! IF YOU DON'T--
WE SPENT WEEKS BRINGING HER HERE!
WE WANT OUR PAY! NOW!

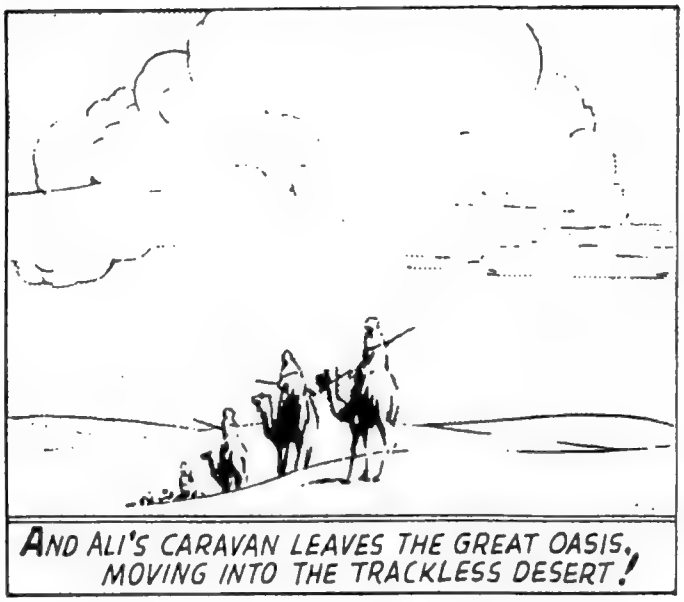
THANKS TO YOU, OLD MAN, I FEEL FINE AGAIN. NOW I'M GOING.
TO FIND THE LOVELY GIRL? TRY THE GREAT OASIS. ALL CARAVANS MUST STOP THERE FOR WATER.
MEANWHILE, SOUTHWEST IN THE DESERT, THE PHANTOM TAKES HIS LEAVE OF THE KINDLY SAND HERMIT.


BUT WHY GO AFTER HER? I TELL YOU, SOMEDAY SHE'LL BE FAT AND UGLY, AND THEN YOU'LL WISH YOU HAD NEVER--
STOP YOUR GROUSING, YOU OLD BACHELOR. YOU DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF THAT, AND YOU KNOW IT!
NEXT WEEK THE PHANTOM AND LORD SULIMAN.


ALI IS FORCED TO PAY HIS CAMEL-DRIVERS OUT OF HIS OWN POCKET!
POOR ALI. HAS TO USE HIS OWN MONEY FOR ONCE.
LOOK AT ALL OF IT! HE'S SAVING UP TO BE A MISER.
THAT'S ENOUGH OF YOUR CHEAP JOKES. FOLD THE TENTS! WE LEAVE AT ONCE!
3-27

I CAN'T GO ANYWHERE WITH YOU, FOR FEAR YOU'LL BE SEEN! I CAN'T SELL YOU! YOU'RE A MILLSTONE AROUND MY NECK!

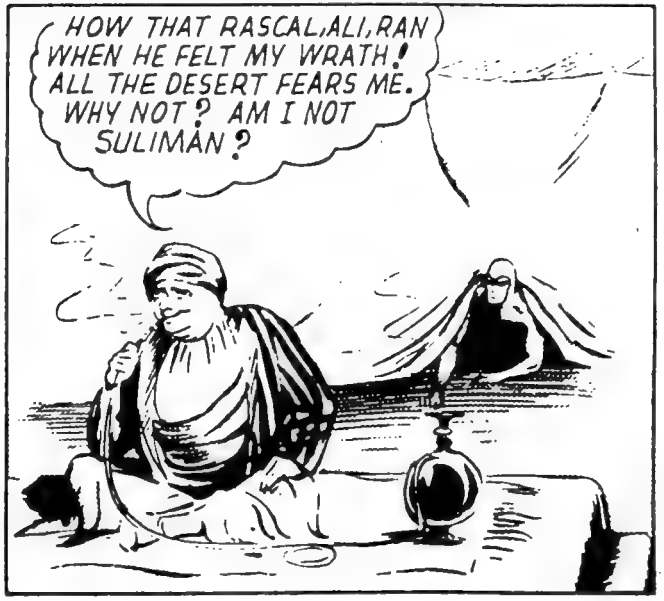
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?
YOU'LL SEE!

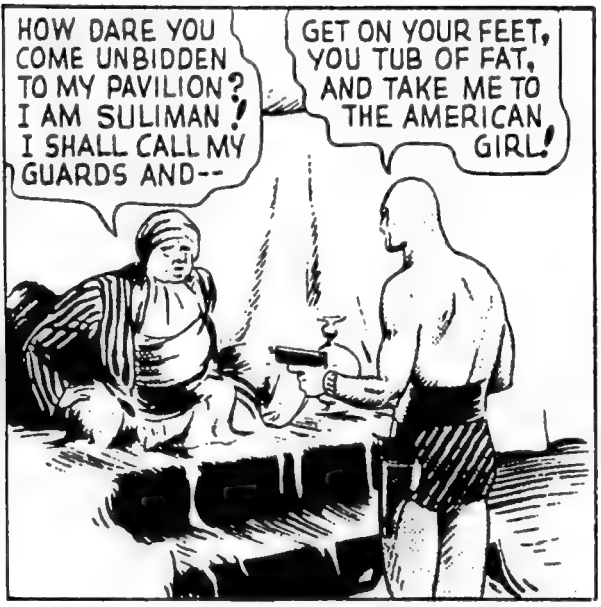

AND ALI'S CARAVAN LEAVES THE GREAT OASIS, MOVING INTO THE TRACKLESS DESERT!

NIGHT AT THE GREAT OASIS

WHERE IS YOUR MASTER, THE LORD SULIMAN?
THE-UH-BIG STRIPED PAVILION--

3-28


HOW THAT RASCAL, ALI, RAN WHEN HE FELT MY WRATH! ALL THE DESERT FEARS ME. WHY NOT? AM I NOT SULIMAN?

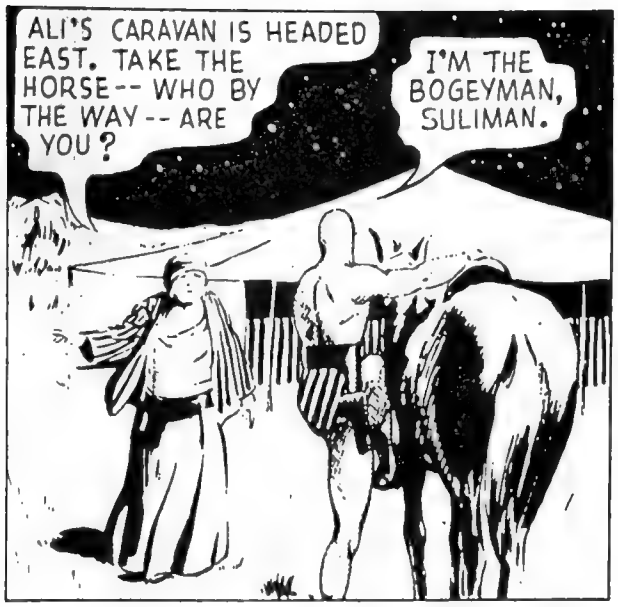

HOW DARE YOU COME UNBIDDEN TO MY PAVILION? I AM SULIMAN! I SHALL CALL MY GUARDS AND--
GET ON YOUR FEET, YOU TUB OF FAT, AND TAKE ME TO THE AMERICAN GIRL!

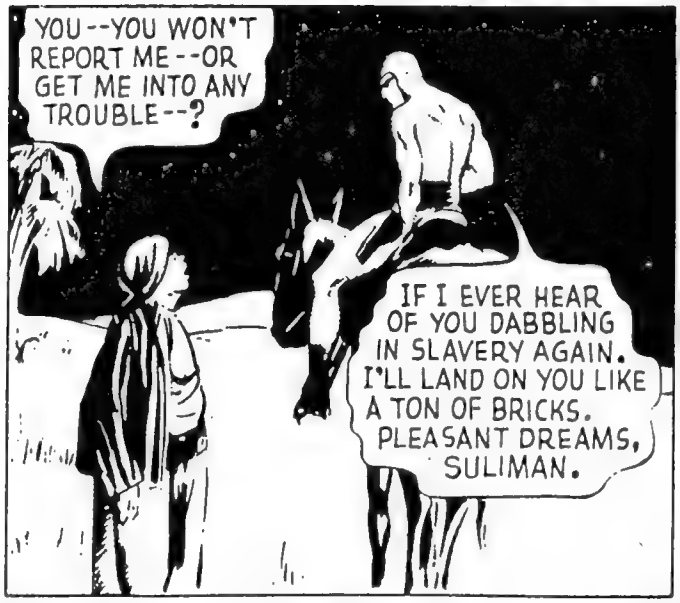
AMERICAN GIRL --I--I--DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! THERE IS NO SUCH PERSON HERE!
YOU'RE A LIAR UNTIL PROVED OTHERWISE! TAKE ME TO YOUR HAREM. NOT ONE FALSE STEP, MY LORD, OR--

NOT HERE--
3-29

NIGHT AT THE GREAT OASIS. THE PHANTOM FREES SULIMAN'S SLAVES.
TO FORCE ME, SULIMAN, TO HELP SLAVES MOUNT THEIR HORSES! YOU CAN'T DO THIS! THEY'RE MY SLAVES! THEY---
SHE'S THE LAST ONE. ON YOUR WAY, GIRL. BACK TO YOUR HOME.
LEST YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, LORD SULIMAN, SLAVERY IS ILLEGAL IN THESE PARTS AND PUNISHABLE BY DEATH.
YOU ARE-- FROM THE MILITARY? HAVE MERCY ON ME. I'LL PAY YOU WELL. I'LL MAKE YOU RICH BEYOND YOUR DREAMS--
WHERE'S THE AMERICAN GIRL? QUICKLY! MY GUNS ARE IMPATIENT!
DON'T SHOOT! I SWEAR. I WOULD HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH HER. ALI BROUGHT HER HERE! I SAW SHE WAS A FOREIGNER!
3-30
I GAVE HIM ONE HOUR TO LEAVE THE OASIS -- UNDER THREAT OF DEATH! THEY LEFT TWO DAYS AGO!
GONE!
In THE DESERT, TWO DAYS' MARCH FROM THE GREAT OASIS.
YOU CAN GO NOW. YOU'RE FREE.
GO-- WHERE?
3-31
OUT THERE. I'M NOT A KILLER. I FREE YOU.
I CAN'T REACH THE OASIS ON FOOT. I DON'T KNOW THE WAY. YOU CAN'T SEND ME OUT THERE ALONE WITHOUT WATER OR FOOD!

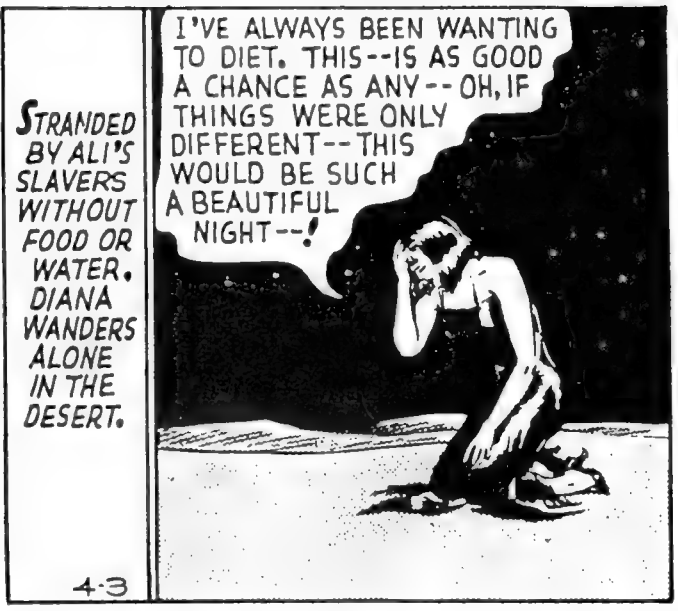
IT'S THE SAME AS IF YOU-- KILLED ME.
YES, ISN'T IT? YOU'VE BEEN AN EXPENSIVE NUISANCE. I'M GLAD TO SEE THE LAST OF YOU. GOODBYE.


ALI'S CARAVAN IS HEADED EAST. TAKE THE HORSE-- WHO BY THE WAY-- ARE YOU?
I'M THE BOGEYMAN, SULIMAN.


YOU--YOU WON'T REPORT ME--OR GET ME INTO ANY TROUBLE--?
IF I EVER HEAR OF YOU DABBLING IN SLAVERY AGAIN. I'LL LAND ON YOU LIKE A TON OF BRICKS. PLEASANT DREAMS, SULIMAN.

LORD SULIMAN! WE SAW--BUT WERE AFRAID TO APPROACH, FOR FEAR HE'D HARM YOU! SHALL WE FOLLOW HIM?
NO! LET WELL ENOUGH, ALONE, FOOL!
4-1

WHILE THE PHANTOM FOLLOWS ALI'S CARAVAN TO THE EAST, DIANA WANDERS ON THE DESERT--ALONE AND TERRIFIED.


STRANDED BY ALI'S SLAVERS WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER. DIANA WANDERS ALONE IN THE DESERT.
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN WANTING TO DIET. THIS--IS AS GOOD A CHANCE AS ANY--OH, IF THINGS WERE ONLY DIFFERENT--THIS WOULD BE SUCH A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT--!
4-3

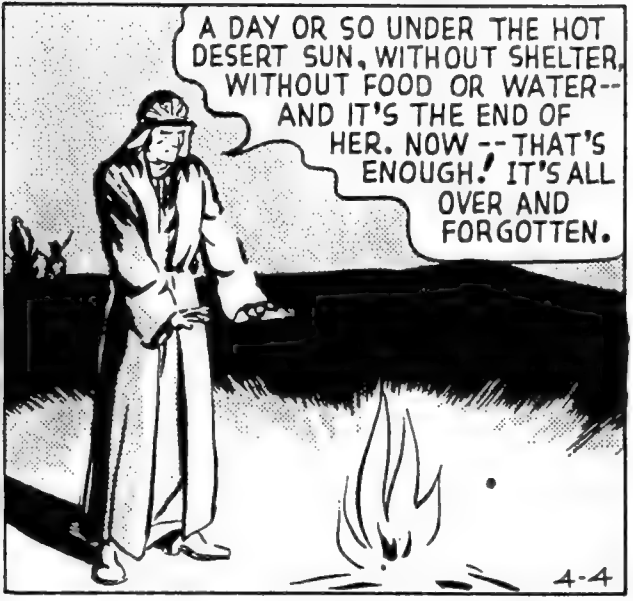
A HORSEMAN! MILES AWAY--HE MIGHT HEAR ME IF I YELLED LOUD ENOUGH--IT'S SO QUIET---

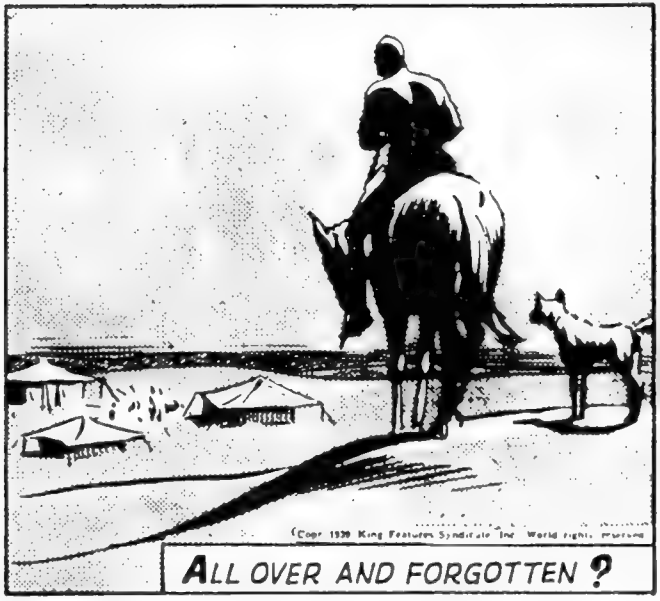
IT'S THE PHANTOM, HOT ON THE TRAIL OF ALI'S CARAVAN!

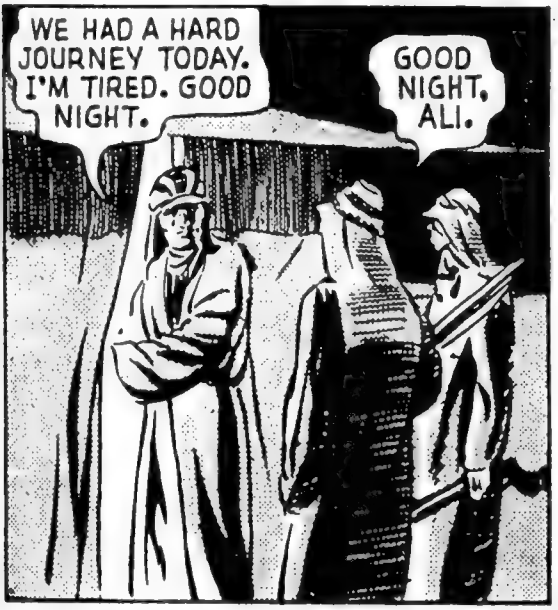
LUCKY I DIDN'T CALL. PROBABLY ONE OF ALI'S MEN, CATCHING UP WITH THE CARAVAN--
Copr 1939 King Features Syndicate Inc World rights reserved
tomorrow= GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

WE'LL CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT.
I STILL DON'T LIKE IT, ALI, LEAVING THAT GIRL LIKE THAT.

SHE WAS DYNAMITE IF WE KEPT HER AND WERE FOUND BY A DESERT PATROL! WE HAD TO GET RID OF HER! DID YOU EXPECT ME TO KILL HER WITH MY OWN HANDS?


A DAY OR SO UNDER THE HOT DESERT SUN, WITHOUT SHELTER, WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER-- AND IT'S THE END OF HER. NOW --THAT'S ENOUGH! IT'S ALL OVER AND FORGOTTEN.
4-4


ALL OVER AND FORGOTTEN?


WE HAD A HARD JOURNEY TODAY. I'M TIRED. GOOD NIGHT.
GOOD NIGHT, ALI.

"GOOD NIGHT" AND PLEASANT DREAMS. HOW CAN HE GO TO SLEEP LIKE THAT, AFTER STRANDING THAT GIRL?
HE HAS THE SOUL OF A SAND-FLEA.

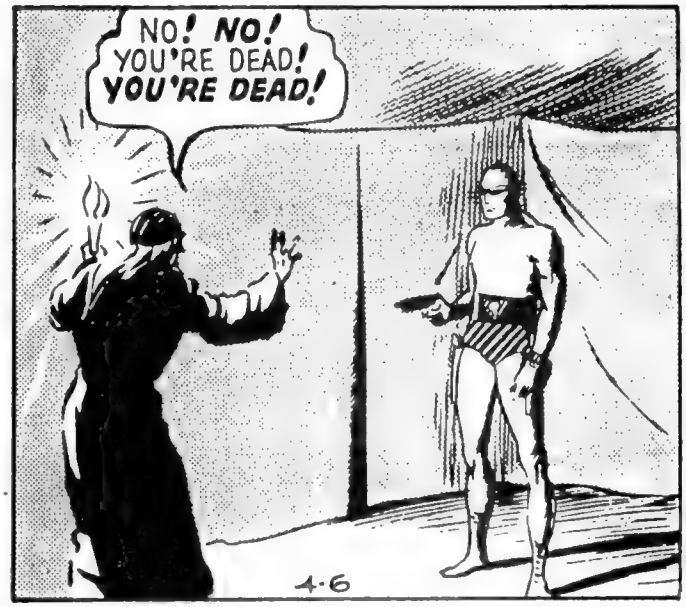
AND REMEMBER THAT OTHER ONE, THE MASKED MAN WHO CLAIMED TO BE THE PHANTOM?
YES, LEFT HIM TO DIE IN THE ANTHILL. AN UGLY DEATH.

AH, WELL, IT'S A HARD LIFE ON THE DESERT. EVEN FOR THIEVES.
THERE'S TRUTH IN THAT!
TOMORROW= SIGN OF THE SKULL!
4-5

WAKE UP! THE FIRE'S ALMOST OUT! WHAT KIND OF SENTRIES ARE YOU? SAY--

ARE THEY--? NO--STILL BREATHING! OH! SIGN OF THE SKULL --ON THEIR CHEEKS!

WHO'S THERE? COMING IN HERE--JUST AS I WAS FALLING ASLEEP! WAIT UNTIL I GET A LIGHT--AND--!
MEANWHILE -- IN ALI'S TENT---


NO! NO! YOU'RE DEAD! YOU'RE DEAD!
4-6

YOU'RE DEAD--I LEFT YOU FOR DEAD IN THE ANTHILL--- KEEP AWAY-- KEEP AWAY--!
THE PHANTOM ALWAYS COMES BACK, ALI.

THEN--YOU ARE THE GHOST WHO WALKS! THE MAN WHO CANNOT DIE!
WHERE IS THE GIRL, DIANA?

THE GHOST WHO WALKS! THE GHOST WHO--
GLURG--

THAT WAS ALI--SCREAMING!
THE SCREAMS HAVE STOPPED. WHO--WHO IS WITH HIM?
--THE PHANTOM-
4-7

ALI IS INSIDE--WITH THE PHANTOM--
GET THE OTHERS--SURROUND THE TENT--
POUR LEAD INTO IT!
LET'S HURRY!

AND A CRISS-CROSS HAIL OF LEAD POURS INTO THE TENT!
4-8

WE'VE SHOT ENOUGH BULLETS INTO THAT TENT TO DROP A HERD OF ELEPHANTS!

THAT'S ENOUGH NOW!

A MOSQUITO COULDN'T HAVE REMAINED ALIVE IN THERE!

SURROUNDING THE TENT CONTAINING THE PHANTOM AND ALI, THE SLAVERS TURN IT INTO A SIEVE WITH THEIR WITHERING CRISS-CROSS FIRE!

NOW'S THE TIME FOR THE GRAND EXIT. STILL WITH ME, ALI?

4-10

BUT INSIDE THE TENT, THE PHANTOM, WITH ALI HAS BURROWED DEEP INTO THE SAND!

ARE THE FIRE WORKS OVER?

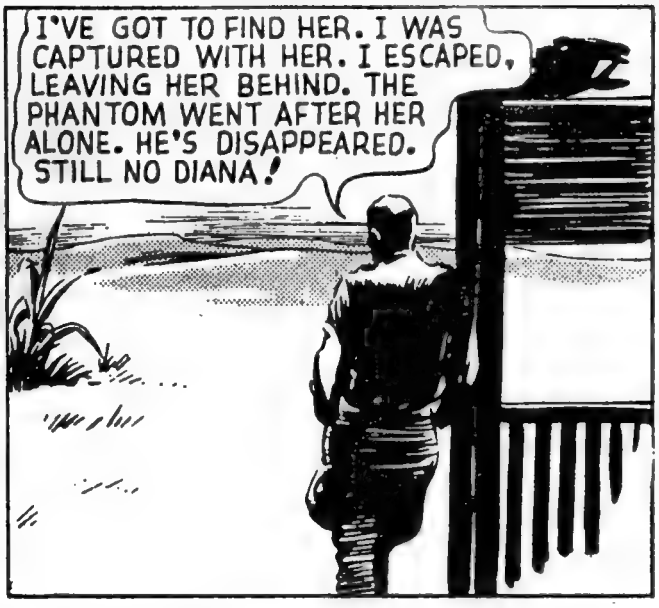
LEAVING THE PHANTOM FOR A MOMENT, WE GO TO A DESERT PATROL STATION AND FIND LIEUTENANT BYRON.

WE'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE, LIEUTENANT BYRON. WE CAN'T FIND THE GIRL -- OR THE SLAVE CARAVAN. IT'S HOPELESS, SIR.

NO! I WON'T GIVE UP. THE SEARCH MUST CONTINUE!

DIVIDE THE PATROL. I'LL LEAD ONE GROUP. YOU LEAD THE OTHER. THE SEARCH GOES ON.

VERY GOOD, SIR.


I'VE GOT TO FIND HER. I WAS CAPTURED WITH HER. I ESCAPED, LEAVING HER BEHIND. THE PHANTOM WENT AFTER HER ALONE. HE'S DISAPPEARED. STILL NO DIANA!

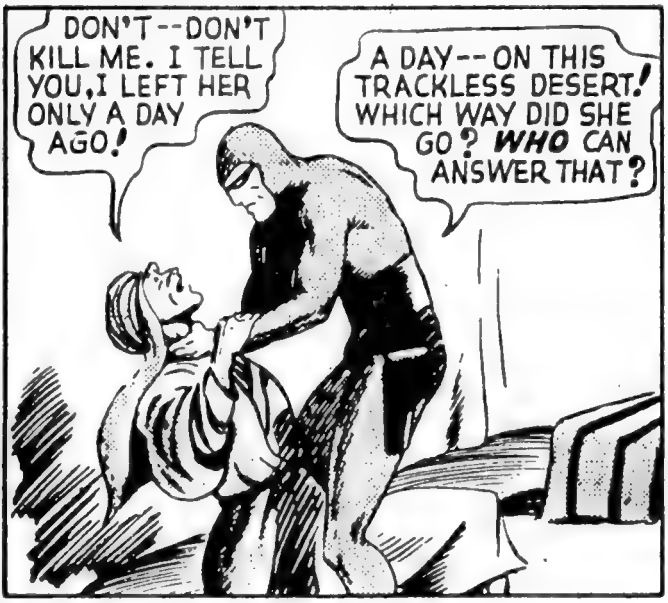
I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SLEEP--I ESCAPED--LEFT HER ALONE WITH THEM--BEEN HAUNTED BY THE SIGHT OF HER BACK THERE--I'VE GOT TO FIND HER! I'VE GOT TO!
4-11

DROP YOUR RIFLES. GO TO YOUR TENTS.
THE GHOST--WHO WALKS--!
--CANNOT--DIE!
4-12

I--I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE GIRL IS. SHE ESCAPED--SHE--
DON'T LIE TO ME, ALI! THE TRUTH--OR YOU'LL BE BURIED IN THIS SAND A SECOND TIME--FOR GOOD!

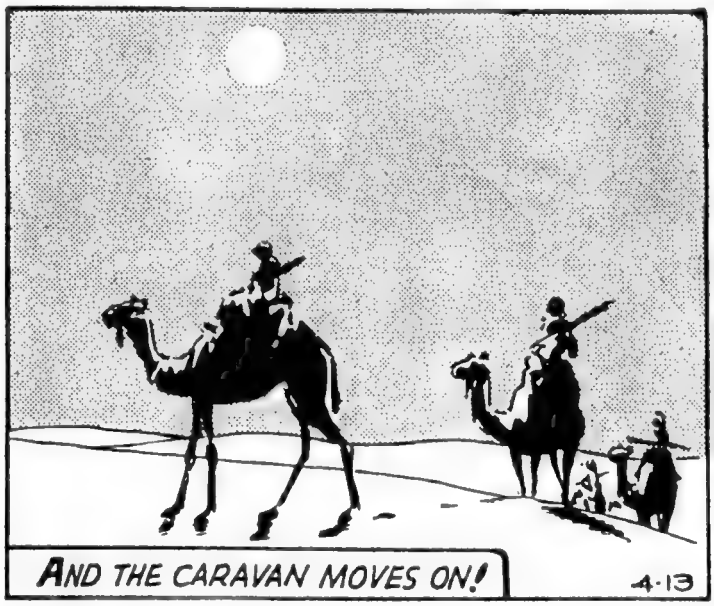
I--I SENT HER OUT INTO THE DESERT, WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER. SHE WAS TOO DANGEROUS TO HOLD. I COULDN'T KILL HER--
INTO THE DESERT! LIKE THAT? I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D CALL THAT MURDER? WHEN WAS IT?

A DAY OR SO AGO! WHAT--WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME--?
MY IMAGINATION'S LIMITED! THE ONLY WAYS I CAN THINK OF KILLING ARE MUCH TOO GOOD FOR YOU!


DON'T--DON'T KILL ME. I TELL YOU, I LEFT HER ONLY A DAY AGO!
A DAY--ON THIS TRACKLESS DESERT! WHICH WAY DID SHE GO? WHO CAN ANSWER THAT?

FOLD UP YOUR TENTS. WE LEAVE AT ONCE--THE WHOLE ROTTEN CARAVAN!
LEAVE--NOW? CARAVAN TRAVEL BY NIGHT? WE NEVER TRAVEL AT NIGHT. WE NEVER HAVE! THERE ARE SAND DEMONS ---GENII!

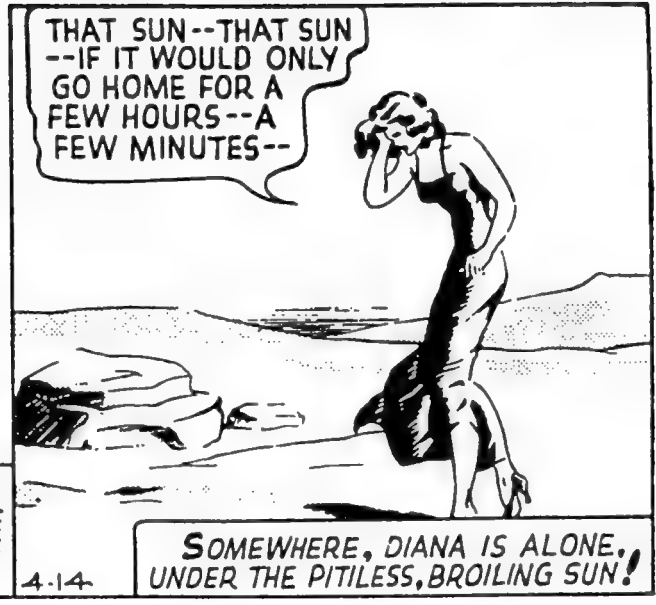
HUSH THAT CHATTER! GIVE THE ORDERS, WHILE YOU STILL HAVE THE BREATH TO DO SO!


AND THE CARAVAN MOVES ON!
4-13

THREE PARTIES SEARCH THE VAST, TRACKLESS DESERT FOR DIANA. ONE, ALI'S "ROTTEN" SLAVE CARAVAN, LED BY THE PHANTOM-

TWO, A DESERT PATROL, LED BY A NATIVE OFFICER--

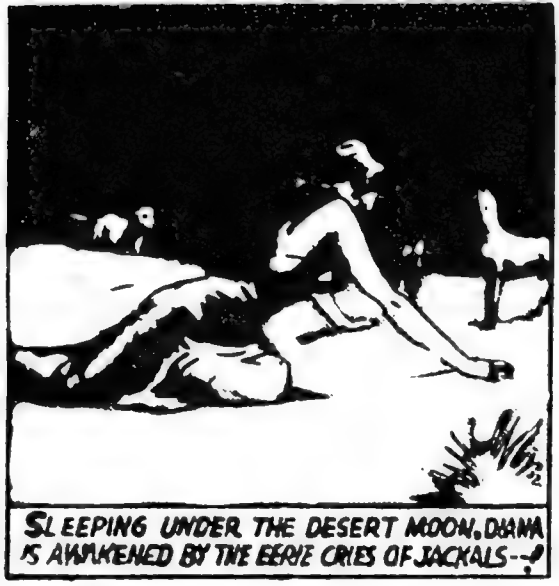
THREE, LIEUTENANT BYRON, LEADING A SECOND DESERT PATROL--AND THE SEARCH FOR A SINGLE HUMAN BEING ON THE UNLIMITED DESERT MAKES A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK LOOK EASY!




SOMEWHERE, DIANA IS ALONE, UNDER THE PITILESS, BROILING SUN!

AND SHE CRIES HERSELF TO SLEEP.

CONTINUED.


SLEEPING UNDER THE DESERT MOON, DIANA IS AWAKENED BY THE EERIE CRIES OF JACKALS--!

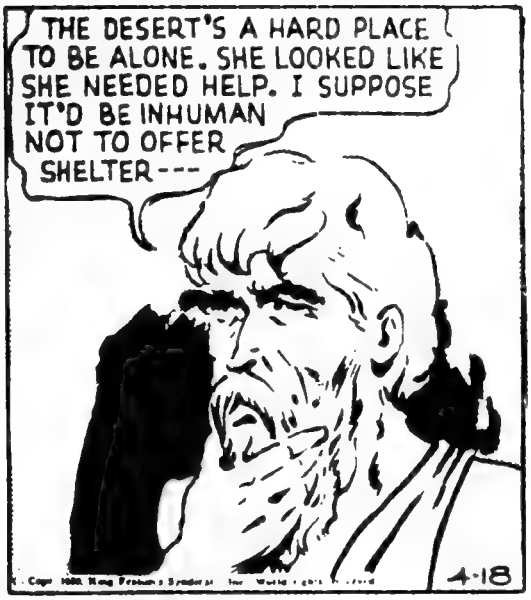
THAT HORRIBLE SOUND --THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME --I CAN'T RUN MUCH FARTHER---

I CAN'T-- ANY FARTHER--
WEAKENED TO EXHAUSTION FROM FEAR AND TWO LONG DAYS UNDER THE HOT SUN WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER, DIANA COLLAPSES -- THE JACKALS GAIN ON HER . . . . .

WHAT'S THIS --?
THEN, OVER THE DUNES, COMES THE UNKEMPT, RAGGED FIGURE OF OUR OLD FRIEND. THE SAND-HERMIT -- THE "WOMAN-HATER."

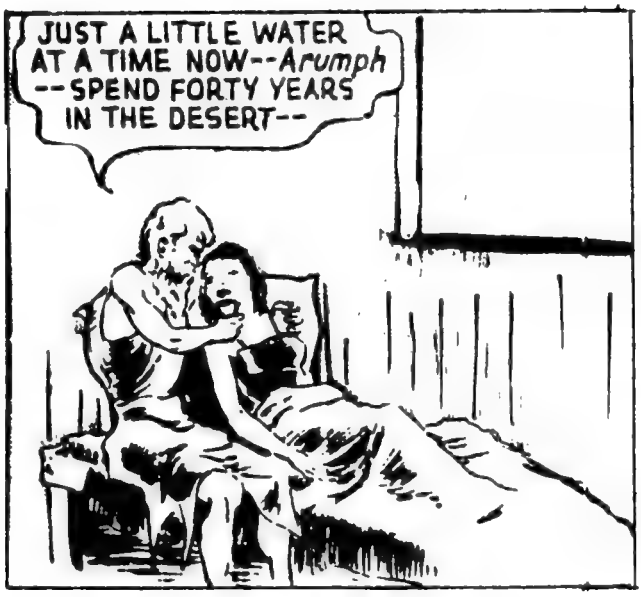
THE SAND-HERMIT, A "WOMAN-HATER" OF LONG STANDING, FINDS DIANA.
QUIET, MY PETS. WHAT'S THIS? Arumph. A WOMAN!

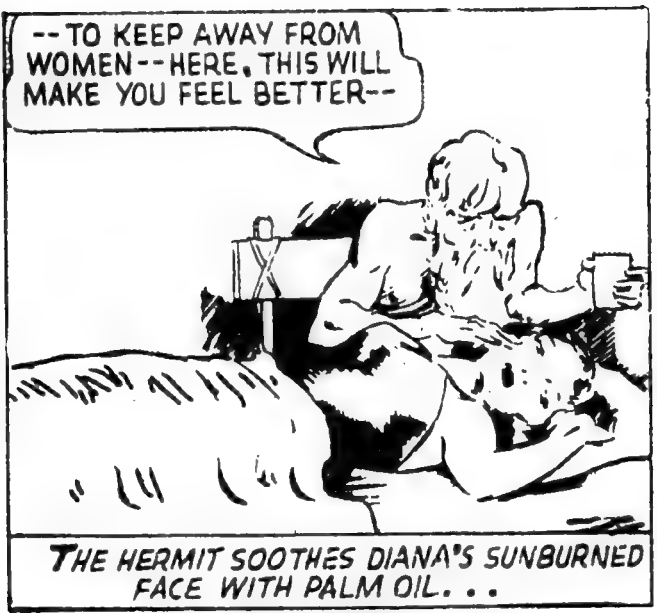
NO BUSINESS OF MINE. -Arumph- WOMEN ALWAYS GET A MAN IN TROUBLE.

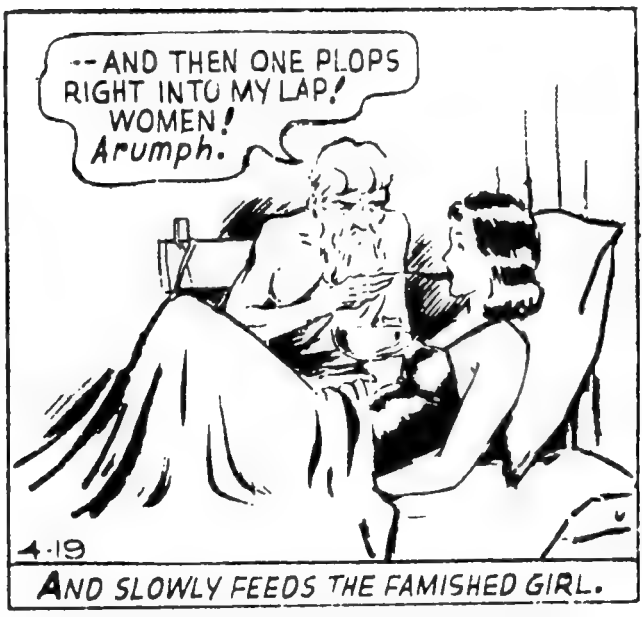

THE DESERT'S A HARD PLACE TO BE ALONE. SHE LOOKED LIKE SHE NEEDED HELP. I SUPPOSE IT'D BE INHUMAN NOT TO OFFER SHELTER---
4-18

--ESPECIALLY TO A GIRL--AND SUCH A PRETTY ONE. *Arumph.* I'LL GET HER ON HER FEET AND SEND HER PACKING. WOMEN! *Arumph.*

BROUGHT TO THE SAND-HERMIT'S SHACK. DIANA IS FEVER SH AND DELIRIOUS...


JUST A LITTLE WATER AT A TIME NOW--*Arumph* --SPEND FORTY YEARS IN THE DESERT--


--TO KEEP AWAY FROM WOMEN--HERE, THIS WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER--
THE HERMIT SOOTHES DIANA'S SUNBURNED FACE WITH PALM OIL...


--AND THEN ONE PLOPS RIGHT INTO MY LAP! WOMEN! *Arumph.*
4-19
AND SLOWLY FEEDS THE FAMISHED GIRL.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP? YOU'RE AS WEAK AS A CAT!
THE PLACE--WAS SO --DIRTY. I JUST HAD TO CLEAN UP -- A LITTLE---

THE MINUTE I TURN MY BACK, YOU'RE UP TO TRICKS. JUST LIKE A WOMAN! CAN'T TRUST THEM THE LENGTH OF YOUR SHADOW.

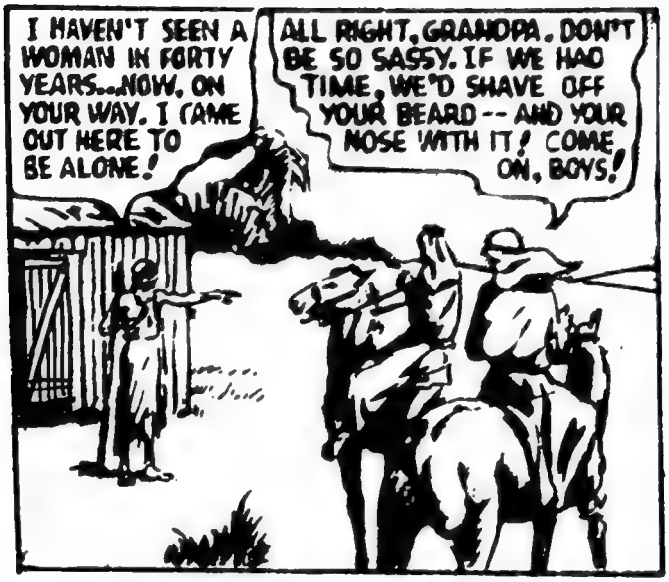
Hmm... SWEPT CLEAN AS A BONE. HASN'T LOOKED LIKE THIS IN YEARS. I SUPPOSE-- Arumph--WOMEN HAVE SOME USE--Arumph NOT SO BAD, AFTER ALL --Arumph--
ARC

WE'LL NEVER GET ANY PLACE THIS WAY. SEND OUT SMALL SEARCHING PARTIES IN EVERY DIRECTION, ALI. THEY'RE BOUND TO FIND SOME TRACE OF DIANA! YOUR LIFE IS THE HOSTAGE FOR THEIR RETURN!

UNDER THE PHANTOM'S ORDERS, SEARCHING PARTIES SPREAD OUT ACROSS THE DESERT.

SOME HORSEMEN, APPROACHING IN THE DISTANCE.

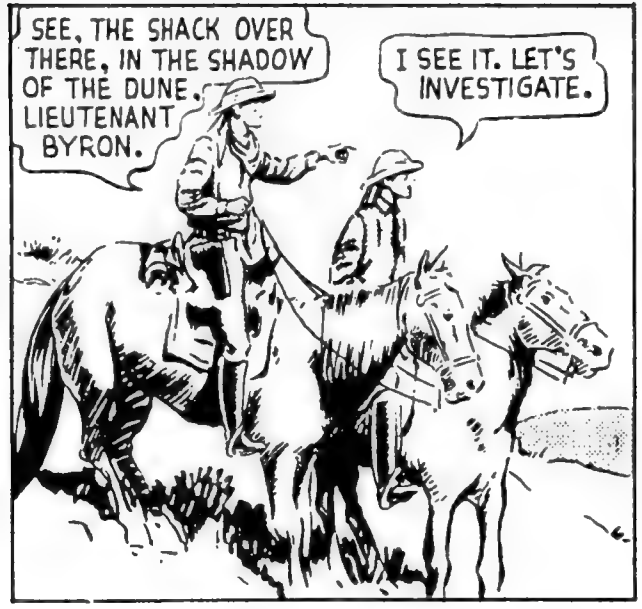
THEY'RE FROM -- ALI'S CARAVAN! THE SLAVERS! DON'T LET THEM FIND ME! DON'T LET THEM FIND ME!
4-21


I HAVEN'T SEEN A WOMAN IN FORTY YEARS...NOW, ON YOUR WAY. I CAME OUT HERE TO BE ALONE!
ALL RIGHT, GRANDPA. DON'T BE SO SASSY. IF WE HAD TIME, WE'D SHAVE OFF YOUR BEARD -- AND YOUR NOSE WITH IT! COME ON, BOYS!

NICE PEOPLE. YOU CAN COME OUT NOW. THEY'RE GONE.
OH -- YOU LIED BEAUTIFULLY! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU, YOU DARLING!

DARLING? --Arumph -- I NEVER LIE. I JUST DIDN'T FINISH MY SENTENCE. I HAVEN'T SEEN A WOMAN LIKE YOU IN FORTY YEARS. Arumph. ENOUGH OF THIS TWADDLE.

THE SEARCHING PARTIES HAVE RETURNED -- THEY FOUND NO TRACE -- OF HER ---
WE'LL GO ON -- AND ON -- UNTIL WE FIND HER!
4-22


SEE, THE SHACK OVER THERE, IN THE SHADOW OF THE DUNE. LIEUTENANT BYRON.
I SEE IT. LET'S INVESTIGATE.

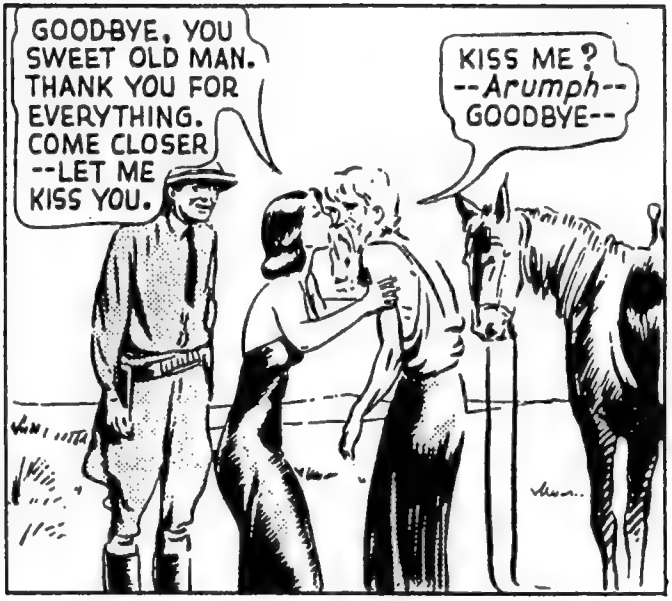
NO, I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY WOMEN--NOT FOR FORTY YEARS.
I'LL HAVE A LOOK ANYHOW. IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ONE FOR FORTY YEARS, YOU MIGHT HAVE FORGOTTEN WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE.

YOU CAN'T COME IN. KEEP OUT OF HERE!
ONE SIDE, OLD-TIMER.

DIANA!
BYRON!

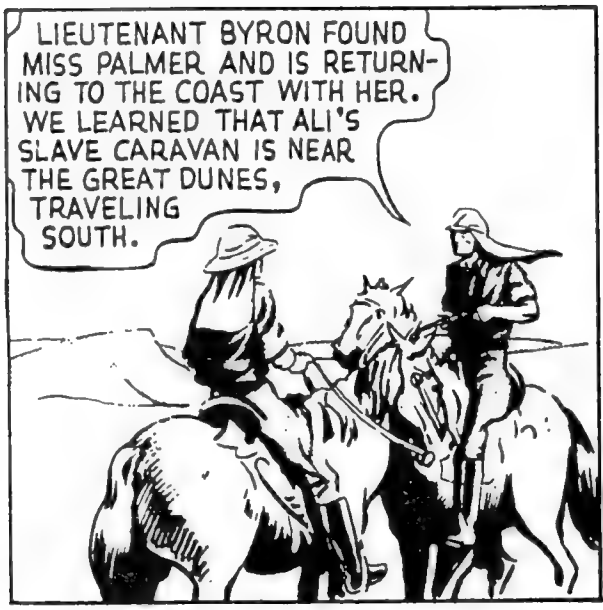
HE'S BEEN SO GOOD TO ME, BYRON.
*Arumph*--TWADDLE. I CAME HERE FORTY YEARS AGO TO BE ALONE. NOW MY SHACK IS TURNING INTO A MEETING HALL.
WHO ELSE HAS BEEN HERE?

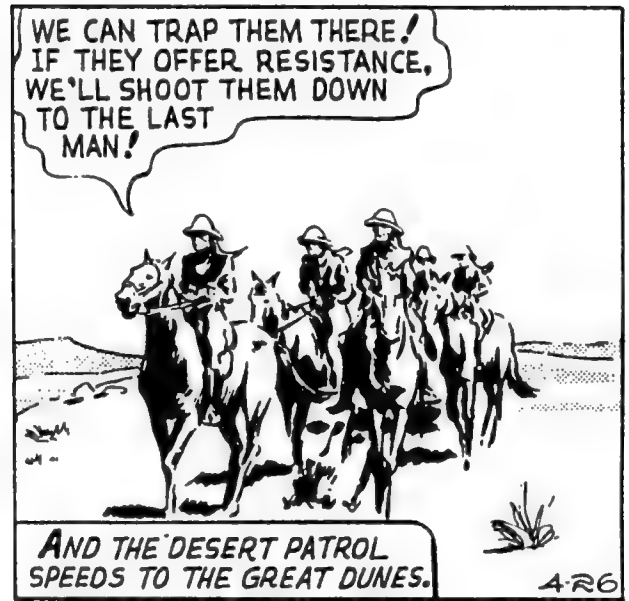
MEN FROM ALI'S CARAVAN--ONLY A FEW HOURS AGO--SEARCHING FOR ME--!
SO? SAYED, TAKE HALF OUR MEN AND JOIN THE SECOND PATROL. TELL YOUR LEADER THE SLAVERS ARE NEAR THE GREAT DUNES. I'M TAKING MISS PALMER BACK TO THE COAST.

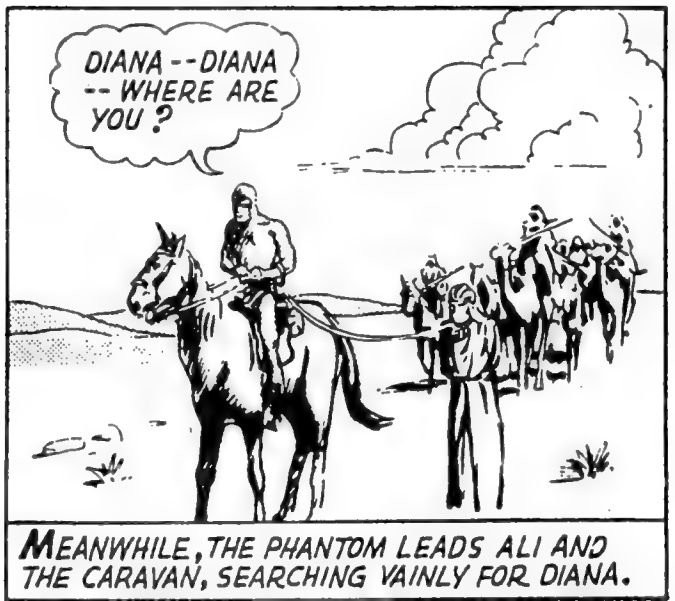

GOODBYE, YOU SWEET OLD MAN. THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING. COME CLOSER --LET ME KISS YOU.
KISS ME? --Arumph-- GOODBYE--

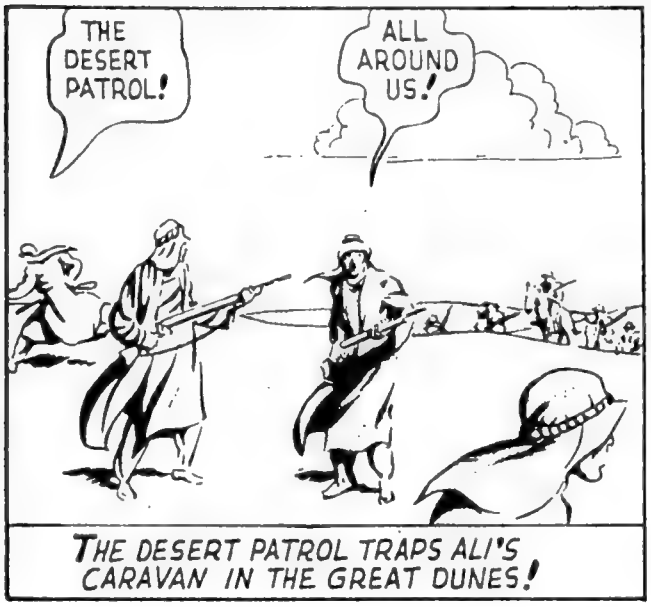
GOODBYE--MAYBE I MADE A MISTAKE --FORTY YEARS AGO---
4-25

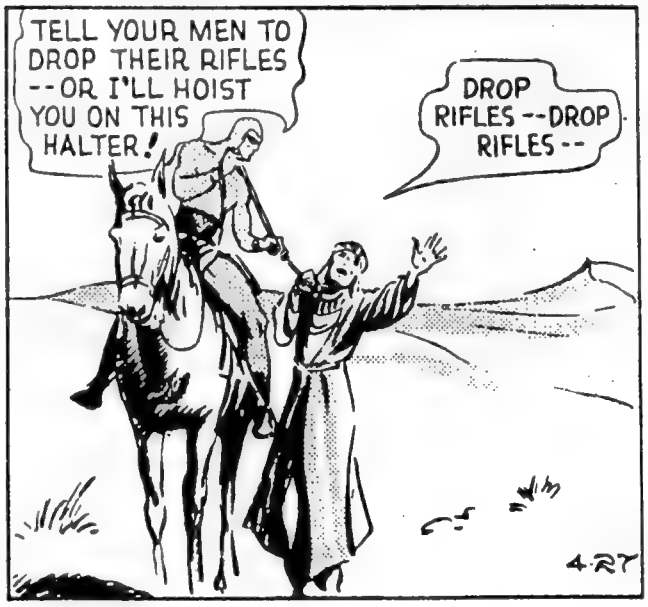
WE'LL SOON BE AT THE COAST--WHERE WE CAN TAKE CARE OF YOU. DIANA, YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN OF THE PHANTOM. DID HE--FIND YOU--?
I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT THAT. BYRON. HE'S--- HE'S DEAD---


LIEUTENANT BYRON FOUND MISS PALMER AND IS RETURNING TO THE COAST WITH HER. WE LEARNED THAT ALI'S SLAVE CARAVAN IS NEAR THE GREAT DUNES, TRAVELING SOUTH.


WE CAN TRAP THEM THERE! IF THEY OFFER RESISTANCE, WE'LL SHOOT THEM DOWN TO THE LAST MAN!
AND THE DESERT PATROL SPEEDS TO THE GREAT DUNES.
4-26


DIANA--DIANA -- WHERE ARE YOU?
MEANWHILE, THE PHANTOM LEADS ALI AND THE CARAVAN, SEARCHING VAINLY FOR DIANA.


THE DESERT PATROL!
ALL AROUND US!
THE DESERT PATROL TRAPS ALI'S CARAVAN IN THE GREAT DUNES!


TELL YOUR MEN TO DROP THEIR RIFLES --OR I'LL HOIST YOU ON THIS HALTER!
DROP RIFLES --DROP RIFLES --

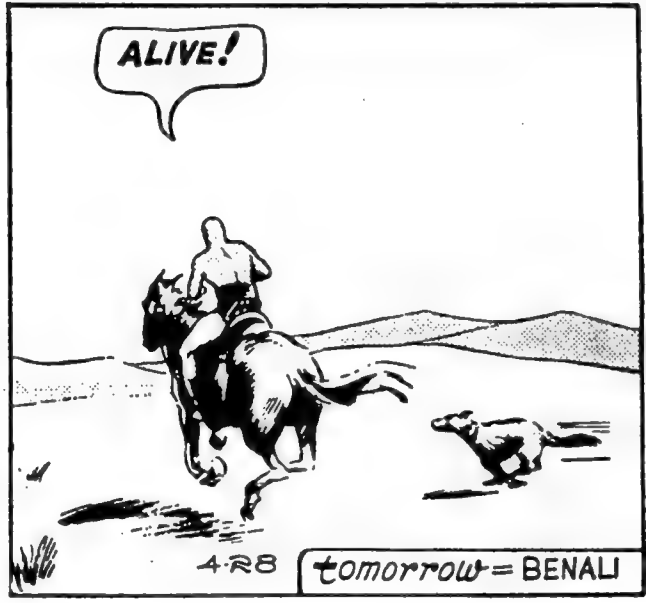
AND ALI'S SLAVERS ARE CAPTURED WITHOUT BLOODSHED!

WE HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR THIS EASY CAPTURE. DON'T BE SURPRISED. I KNOW WHO YOU ARE. LIEUTENANT BYRON TOLD ME ABOUT YOU, BEFORE WE FOUND MISS PALMER.
WHAT?

WE HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR CAPTURING THIS SLAVE CARAVAN WITHOUT BLOODSHED!
WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT MISS PALMER?

WE FOUND HER YESTERDAY, AT THE SHACK OF THE SAND HERMIT. SHE WAS ILL FROM EXPOSURE. LIEUTENANT BYRON TOOK HER TO BENALI, ON THE COAST.
SHE'S ALIVE!

TAKE THIS RAT! HE'S THE RINGLEADER! GIVE HIM WHAT HE DESERVES! I'M IN A HURRY!

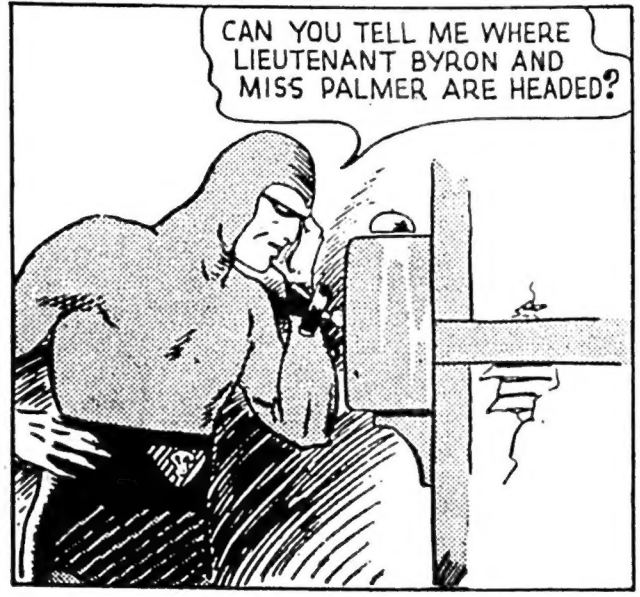

ALIVE!
4-28
tomorrow = BENALI

NOW, WE'LL GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL WHERE YOU CAN GET PROPER CARE, DIANA. YOU'RE IN A BAD WAY, LITTLE GIRL.
BYRON, I SAW HIM-- LEFT BEHIND --TO DIE. IT HARDLY SEEMS WORTH-WHILE--GOING ON---

QUICK, MAN! WHERE ARE LIEUTENANT BYRON AND MISS PALMER?
TRADING-POST
HUH? THEM THAT JUST CAME IN? WENT TO THE AIRPORT.

SAY-- WHO ARE YOU?

LEFT TEN MINUTES AGO.
TEN MINUTES! AT LEAST -- SHE'S ALIVE!
4-29
CONTINUED


CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE LIEUTENANT BYRON AND MISS PALMER ARE HEADED?

BYRON IS ESCORTING MISS PALMER TO THE HOSPITAL AT BRANNER, IN THE MOUNTAINS. SHE WAS QUITE ILL AND ---WHO IS THIS, BY THE WAY? HELLO--HELLO --HELLO--
5-1

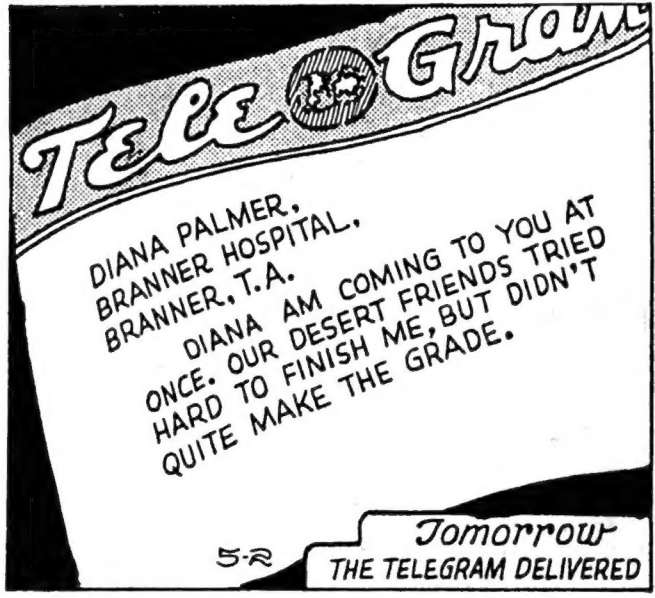
DIANA--I KNOW THIS ISN'T THE TIME, BUT-- WELL, I LOVE YOU. SOME DAY, WHEN YOU'RE ABLE TO FORGET ALL THAT'S HAPPENED, I HOPE THAT---
I SAW HIM DIE--BYRON. DO YOU THINK I CAN EVER-

FAINTED--DIANA--I DIDN'T REALIZE SHE WAS SO--ILL-- WHY CAN'T I KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT!
-- FORGET--

SHE'S BEEN THROUGH QUITE A LOT, DOCTOR. EXPOSURE, LACK OF FOOD-- AND OTHER HARDSHIPS.
SHE NEEDS A LONG REST. SHE WILL GET IT HERE. LIEUTENANT, I WANT THE FULL DETAILS OF HER CASE.

YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT SHE SAW HER --SWEETHEART-- PUT TO DEATH IN THE DESERT.
HOW HORRIBLE! I THOUGHT SHE HAD SOME TERRIFIC SHOCK. SHE MUST HAVE NO EXCITEMENT OF ANY KIND. WE MUST BE CAREFUL.

SAY, MISTER, YOU FORGOT TO SIGN THIS TELEGRAM.
TELEGRAPH OFFICE
NO SIGNATURE NECESSARY. SEND IT AS IT IS.

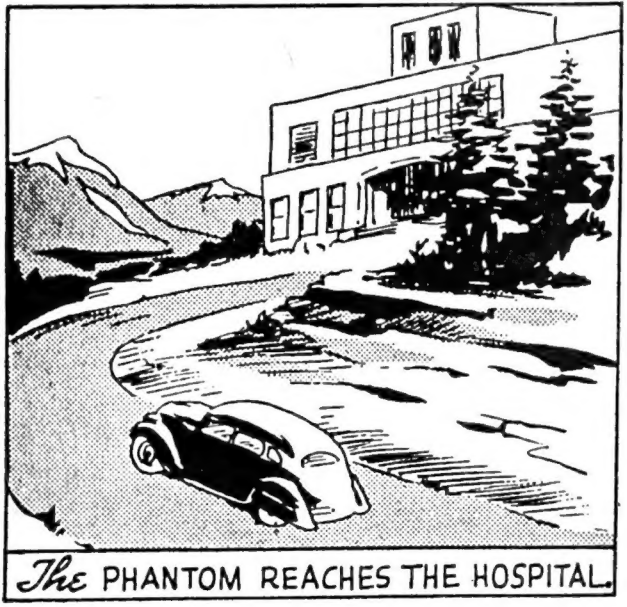

TELE GRAM
DIANA PALMER, BRANNER HOSPITAL, BRANNER, T.A.
DIANA AM COMING TO YOU AT ONCE. OUR DESERT FRIENDS TRIED HARD TO FINISH ME, BUT DIDN'T QUITE MAKE THE GRADE.
5-2
Tomorrow
THE TELEGRAM DELIVERED

LIEUTENANT, THIS WIRE JUST CAME FOR MISS PALMER. ANY IDEA WHO IT'S FROM?
HE'S ALIVE! I'LL BE--! THAT MAN IS AMAZING--TO PUT IT MILDLY!

IT'S FROM--HER SWEETHEART--THE MAN WE THOUGHT WAS DEAD! SHE'LL BE DELIRIOUS WITH JOY!
YES--THAT'S WHY I WAS AFRAID OF IT. I DON'T THINK WE CAN SHOW HER THIS TELEGRAM.

SHE SUFFERED EXTREME SHOCK. AND IS IN A WEAK CONDITION. THIS NEWS WOULD EXCITE HER TOO MUCH.
I SEE YOUR POINT, BUT DOCTOR, THE MAN'S COMING HERE TO SEE HER.

TELL HIM THAT HE CAN'T SEE HER. SHE MUSTN'T KNOW HE'S HERE.
DOCTOR, NOBODY TELLS THIS MAN NOT TO DO ANYTHING. IT'S LIKE TRYING TO STOP AN AVALANCHE BY SAYING, "STOP FALLING, YOU NASTY AVALANCHE."
5-3
tomorrow = The "AVALANCHE!"


The PHANTOM REACHES THE HOSPITAL.

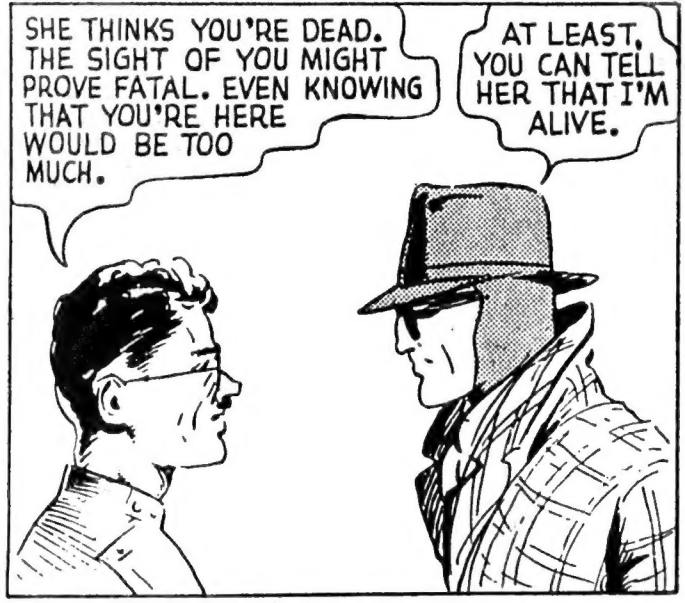
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
HELLO, BYRON. GOOD TO SEE YOU, TOO. I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR FINDING DIANA. DOES SHE KNOW I'M COMING?

WELL, NO--AS A MATTER OF FACT -- SHE DOESN'T.
WHY NOT? DIDN'T SHE GET MY WIRE?

NO, WE DIDN'T SHOW IT TO HER. LISTEN-- YOU CAN'T SEE HER--
CAN'T SEE HER? DID YOU GET TOO MUCH SUN OUT IN THE DESERT? I'M SEEING DIANA!
5-4
TOMORROW = NOW, IT'S LIKE THIS--

WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO KEEP ME FROM DIANA? WHY DIDN'T SHE SEE MY WIRE? WHAT GOES ON HERE?
PLEASE--IF YOU'LL LET GO --SO I CAN TALK---

THIS IS DIANA'S DOCTOR--HE'LL EXPLAIN--DOCTOR, THIS IS THE MAN.
OH, YES. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO SEE MISS PALMER. SHE HAD A BAD SHOCK AND HAS BEEN THROUGH MUCH HARDSHIP--
5-5


SHE THINKS YOU'RE DEAD. THE SIGHT OF YOU MIGHT PROVE FATAL. EVEN KNOWING THAT YOU'RE HERE WOULD BE TOO MUCH.
AT LEAST, YOU CAN TELL HER THAT I'M ALIVE.

NOT YET. NOT FOR A LONG TIME. IT WOULD EXCITE HER TOO MUCH.
I-- SEE--

IF SHE CAN'T SEE ME-- OR KNOW I'M ALIVE --AT LEAST, LET ME SEE HER.
VERY WELL-- BUT BE CAREFUL.

GOODBYE--DARLING-- I'LL COME BACK SOME DAY---

OH--I SAW HIM!
MY DEAR, YOU MUST REST--

YOU SAW NO ONE, DIANA --IT WAS YOUR IMAGINATION --TRY TO SLEEP.
OF COURSE--IT HAD TO BE--MY IMAGINATION. I'LL TRY--TO --SLEEP--
5-6
NEXT WEEK = NEW ADVENTURE